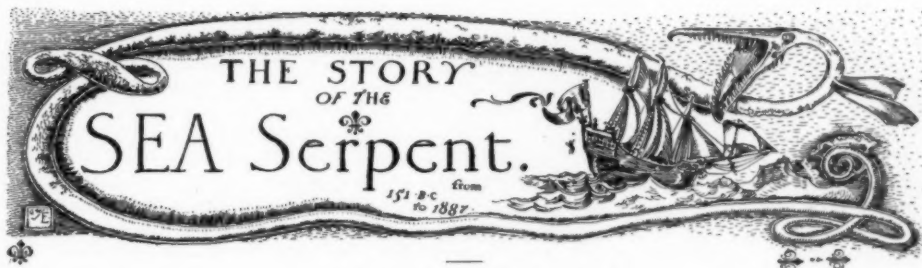


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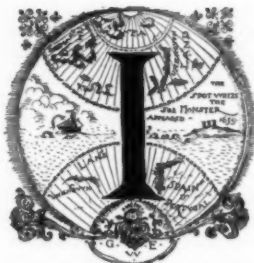
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BY EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.



really believe that there *is* any such thing as the sea-serpent?" The question is generally put in a manner which leaves a fair opportunity for the inquirer to exclaim, "Well, I do, too!" or "I don't, either!" according to the nature of the answer extracted. Three classes of persons may easily be formed from intelligent and thinking people of all ages: Those who believe that the statements we possess (from one source or another) warrant the conclusion that there are sea-serpents; those who

SUPPOSE that most of the boys who read these pages have at one time or another privately inquired of friends of their own age, or friends who are older, and therefore supposed to have clearer judgments:

"Come, now, do you

ridicule the idea that sea-serpents exist; and those who do not know enough on the topic to properly decide. But to any student of natural history the sea-serpent question is one which well deserves a careful sifting.

It is hardly necessary to say how old is the notion that huge monsters of the snake sort make their home deep in the seas, now and then showing themselves to terrify mankind. In fact, if the notion were not so old as to seem to find its source in fables and mythological legends, one reason for doubting the reality of the creature would be removed. Most of these extremely ancient descriptions come from the Northern lands, and the cold oceans of Scandinavia. Thus, one ancient author, Olaus Magnus, speaks of a sea-snake two hundred feet long that rose from the waves, towered above a ship's mast, and snapped up cattle and men in its jaws. In the old "Chronicle of Prodigies and Portents," by Conrad Wolfhart, a German of the sixteenth century, we find strange, rude pictures



"IN 1875 THE CREW OF THE SHIP 'PAULINE' ENCOUNTERED A VAST SERPENT, COILED TWICE AROUND THE CARCASS OF A SPERM-WHALE."

of serpentine creatures, in which he put all due faith; there is the "Alcete," an animal with a scaly body and a head like a wild boar, and the "Physeter," a horrible freak of the imagination, which has a horse's head, the teeth of a dragon, and the blow-holes of the whale. Wolfhart narrates that in 151 B. C., on the coast of Sardinia, several mighty snakes came up from the sea and attacked vessels; but, as his picture shows the alarmed

crews discharging *cannon* at the foe some twelve centuries before cannon were in use, there may be other errors.

To come to later accounts. In 1639 an English traveler named Josselyn, who came over to New England on a visit, was told of a sea-serpent that lay coiled on some rocks at Cape Ann, Massachusetts. And it should be observed how early Massachusetts waters and the New England coast

became the regions linked with appearances of the mysterious creature. Some Indians who rowed near this one, in a skiff, were sorely frightened and warned the Englishmen with them not to fire at it, or they would be in peril. Unluckily, Mr. Josselyn was not of the boat-party, and the result is that we get this account only by hearsay.

The next narrative of value is a singular description by the Rev. Hans Egede, a distinguished missionary to Greenland, who records in his diary in 1734, the rising to the surface of a "monster" so huge in size that, coming out of the



AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

water, its head reached as high as the mainmast. It had a long, pointed snout, and spouted like a whale. The under part of the body was shaped like that of a huge serpent. This remarkable creature seems to have been more like a giant-squid than like any animal of the serpent kind.

Two records of our mysterious monster, with plenty of details, soon follow. Joseph Kent, seaman, beheld in Broad Bay, in May, 1751, a great serpent longer and thicker than the main-boom of his eighty-five-ton ship; and good Bishop Pontopidan, in his famous "Natural History of Norway," tells us that the Norwegian coast is the only European shore visited by the creature; and that a formidable specimen, six hundred feet long, with its extended back looking like a row of floating hog-heads, was chased by a boat's crew of eight sailors under a certain Captain de Ferry, but that it escaped.

Passing by the statement of Eleazar Crabtree, who declares that in 1778 he saw this shy swimmer on the surface of Penobscot Bay, we reach a really important record dated the next year, 1779. In that year Commodore Preble (afterward so famous as one of our naval heroes, but then a young midshipman) pursued with a boat and twelve seamen, a monster—a sea-serpent between one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet in length, with a huge head. Its motion was so rapid that it could not be overtaken. It was observed at intervals for an hour. It is at least odd, if there was any deception, that one year later Mr. George Little sighted what seems to have been the same snake, in Round Pond, Broad Bay.

You will see that we have now come to the century in which we are living; for it is in 1802 that we meet our next witness to the sea-serpent, Abraham Cummings. Abraham Cummings declared that he knew of six appearances of the animal, all in the same neighborhood, Penobscot Bay; and three other persons said the same thing. In 1808, a decaying carcass of something was found on an Orkney Island beach. It had a wonderfully snakey look, but proved to be the remains of a remarkably long and thin shark. But in this same year, Rev. Mr. Maclean, a clergyman of Eigg, sent a careful description of a sea-serpent with a "head somewhat broad," that swam "with his head above water, and with the wind for about half a mile" before vanishing; he described it as seventy or eighty feet in length. This must have been a truly sea-serpentish and formidable creature.

There are nearly fifty stories, some from trustworthy and some from scarcely reliable sources, as to the comings, and goings, and showings of this

ocean riddle, up to the year 1840. A large number are from the Massachusetts shore. The serpent is generally described as coming into view suddenly, on clear days when the sea was smooth; and, however warlike its look, it was always readily alarmed and departed swiftly and peacefully.

The Norway coasts, also, were not forgotten by it. In 1848 the British ship "Dædalus," under Captain McQuahae, encountered a huge specimen, seen distinctly by those on board the ship and described by them with much care, in reply to various scientific men who wished to investigate the matter thoroughly. In 1875 the crew of the ship "Pauline" encountered a vast serpent, coiled twice around the carcass of a sperm-whale, elevating its neck and head in the air, and finally vanishing below the water! This rather startling story was carefully examined into; and the statements seem to be entirely correct.

On August 3d, of that year, 1875, we find one of the most remarkable accounts of the sea-serpent's advent on record. A party of well-known New



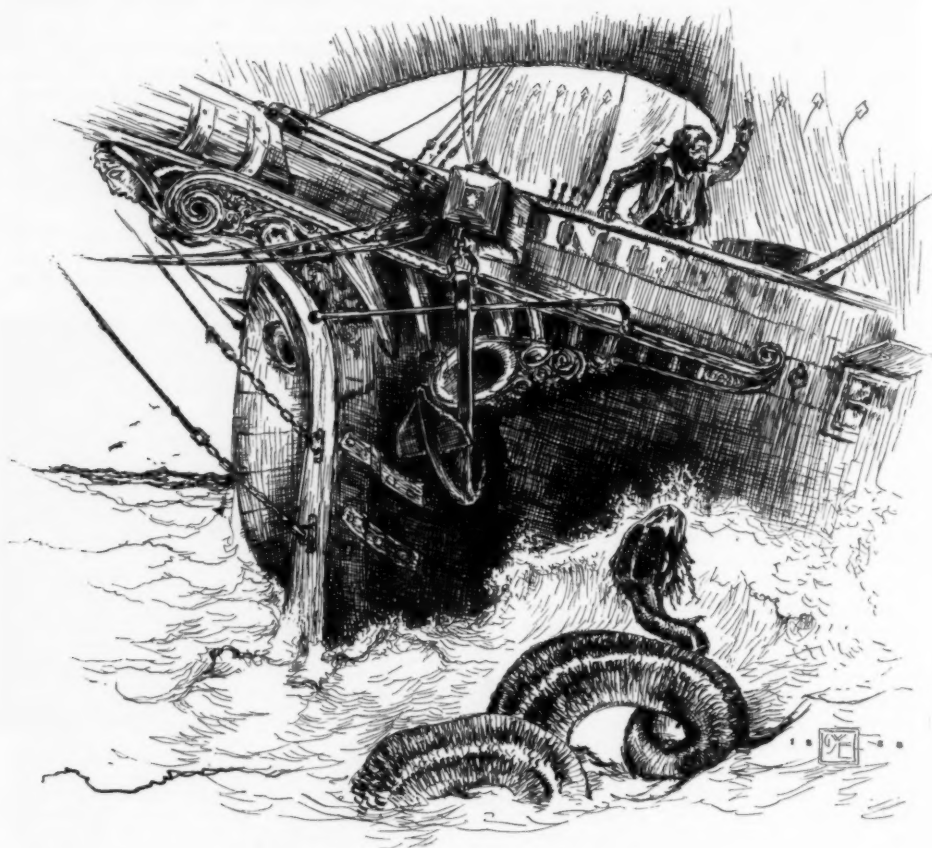
AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF THE SKELETON OF A SEA-SERPENT.

England gentlemen and ladies, four in number, besides two sailors, from the deck of the small yacht "Princess," while sailing between Swamps-cott and Egg Rock, saw an animal that would certainly appear to have been no other than our erratic friend. At a distance of about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards from the yacht, from time to time a huge head, like that of a turtle or snake, rose six or eight feet above the waves. It was seen by all the party during two hours. Other persons claim to have seen this animal on the same day. One of the "Princess" party made a sketch of it, there being plenty of time to complete the portrait.

More interesting still, are the descriptions of the serpent "striped black and white," with an extremely large head and rather flat, enormous, projecting eyes, coarse scales and fins, seen by a Captain Garton, of the steamer "Norman," July 17th, 1875, and also by a passenger on the steamship "Roman" on the same day. This snake's length was recorded as over one hundred feet, and

Singularly enough, these observers could not discover its mouth or eyes. It was of a dark color and great bulk.

During the last ten years the sea-serpent has re-appeared, according to accounts of greater or less trustworthiness, several dozen times. Perhaps the most remarkable and interesting are two very recent accounts, both, in fact, only two years old.

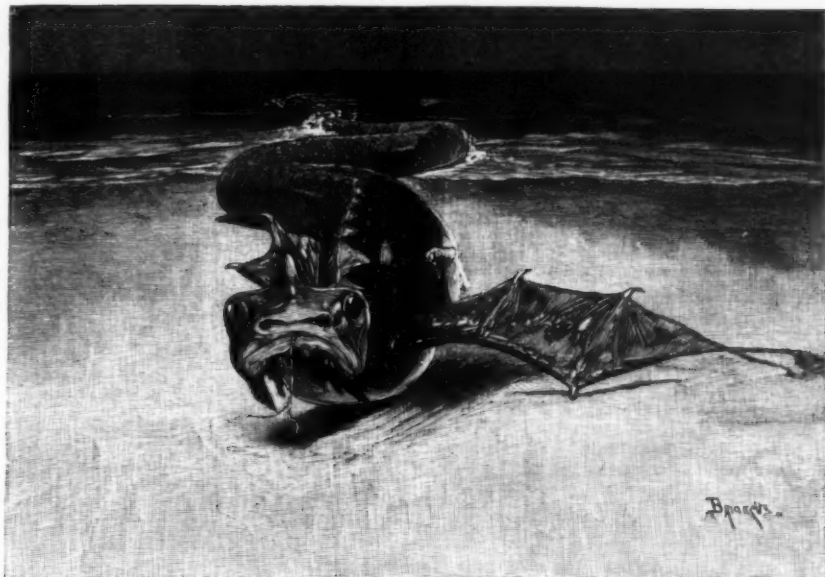


THE SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY JOSEPH KENT IN 1751.

it was either pursuing a sword-fish, or being pursued by him.

On July 15th, 1877, Mr. George S. Wesson and Mr. F. W. Fernald caught sight of the animal under especially favorable circumstances,—and they gave vivid descriptions of its rough, scaly skin, its back covered with the "humpy" protuberances that others have mentioned, and the seething of the waves above it, as it rose and sank.

On June 17th, 1886, six men, while rowing near Gloucester, suddenly saw a seal at a distance of about sixty rods, sharply pursued by a creature that seemed unmistakably of the serpent race. It was sixty or seventy feet long, black, with a white stripe under the throat, and it held its head some three feet in the air. At one instant the seal was seen to jump furiously from the water, to escape the creature's attack. The pursuer seemed afraid



to enter shoal water, and so presently gave up the chase, and quickly departed seaward again. The men who watched this extraordinary scene are of excellent character, and agree that by no possibility could their sight have been deceived. The second narrative attracted more attention. Early on the afternoon of August 12th, also of 1886, Mr. Granville B. Putnam, of Boston, Mr. Calvin W.

Pool, and a large number of Gloucester residents saw the monster for about ten minutes near Rockport. Its color was dark brown, and its length apparently eighty feet, at least. No eyes could be discovered. It swam with great speed, cutting the water with what looked like a pair of submerged fins; and its back presented the odd look of "humpiness," or "a row of lumps" along its



THE LAIR OF THE SEA-SERPENT.
(From a painting by Elihu Vedder.)

length, recorded by various observers. This sea-serpent also appeared in the vicinity during the following ten days. It is a particularly reliable account in every respect. That autumn there were also one or two other visits recorded, all dated from the New England or the Norwegian coasts.

So runs the list of appearances of this singular creature; and we have not given all. The same peculiar "points" are repeated, of late years, over and over, and the witnesses generally agree pretty closely with one another. The serpent invariably shows itself in the higher latitudes, and always in summer or early autumn. As to length, color, general appearance, motion, its curious harmlessness, and so on, the different tales are strangely alike.

cleverly take a hint from the first paragraph of this article for your benefit, and are content to ask the writer for his own opinion, he will answer frankly that he thinks it undeniable that there is some extraordinary creature of the serpent species, attaining great size, and making its home in the deeper and colder water of our northern seas, above which it occasionally shows its timid head. The ocean is a vast world by itself, and we do not realize how little we know of it. But by all means remember that it is summer-time again, and his sphinx-like highness may be wandering near some of our sea-shore resorts. A prize to the reader of this paper who first interviews, without any misunderstanding, the genuine and true sea-serpent!



THE SEA-SERPENT AS SEEN JULY 15TH, 1877.

Certainly, if so many sensible and cool-headed persons have been, year by year, deluded, there is something in the sea-air besides a cure for hot weather. What do you think? If you are disposed to

Perhaps you are sitting on the sand, as you read these lines. If so, now that you have finished, look about you sharply. You may suddenly add your own experience to the mass of testimony.



"HERR KREBS! WO GEHEN SIE HIN?"

"HO, FOR SLUMBERLAND!"

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A LITTLE song for bedtime, when, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,

"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

When the little ones get drowsy and heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes, gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland are waiting in a row,
And the ferrymen are calling,

"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland; and the dipping of the oar
In the Sea of Sleep makes music that the children only know
When they answer to the boatmen's

"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Oh! take a kiss, my darlings, ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that 's waiting to bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one, and then away you go
A-sailing into Dreamland.

"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE gibes of Lucy Ann, and the occasional little thrusts of Hugh, about the "deserter business," continued and kept the boys stirred up. At length they could stand it no longer. It was decided between them that they must retrieve their reputations by capturing a real deserter and turning him over to the conscript-officer whose office was at the depot.

Accordingly, one Saturday they started out on an expedition, the object of which was to capture a deserter though they should die in the attempt.

The conscript-guard had been unusually active lately, and it was said that several deserters had been caught.

The boys turned in at their old road, and made their way into Hometown. Their guns were loaded with large slugs, and they felt the ardor of battle thrill them as they marched along down the narrow roadway. They were trudging on when they were hailed by name from behind. Turning, they saw their friend Tim Mills, coming along at the same slouching gait in which he always walked. His old single-barrel gun was thrown across his arm, and he looked a little rustier than on the day he had shared their lunch. The boys held a little whispered conversation, and decided on a treaty of friendship.

"Good-mornin'," he said, on coming up to them. "How 's your ma?"

"Good-morning. She 's right well."

"What y' all doin'? Huntin' d'serters agin?" he asked.

"Yes. Come on and help us catch them."

"No; I can't do that—exactly;—but I tell you what I *can* do. I can tell you whar one is!"

The boys' faces glowed. "All right!"

"Let me see," he began, reflectively chewing a stick. "Does y' all know Billy Johnson?"

The boys did not know him.

"You *sure* you don't know him? He 's a tall, long fellow, 'bout forty years old, and breshes his hair mighty slick; got a big nose, and a gap-tooth, and a moustache. He lives down in the lower neighborhood."

Even after this description the boys failed to recognize him.

"Well, he 's the feller. I can tell you right

whar he is, this minute. He did me a mean trick, an' I 'm gwine to give him up. Come along."

"What did he do to you?" inquired the boys, as they followed him down the road.

"Why—he—; but 't 's no use to be rakin' it up agin. You know he always passes hisself off as one o' the conscrip'-guards,—that 's his dodge. Like as not, that 's what he 's gwine try and put off on y' all now; but don't you let him fool you."

"We 're not going to," said the boys.

"He rigs hisself up in a uniform—jes' like as not he stole it, too,—an' goes roun' foolin' people, mekin' out he 's such a soldier. If he fools with me, I 'm gwine to finish him!" Here Tim gripped his gun fiercely.

The boys promised not to be fooled by the wily Johnson. All they asked was to have him pointed out to them.

"Don't you let him put up any game on you 'bout bein' a conscrip'-guard hisself," continued their friend.

"No, indeed we won't. We are obliged to you for telling us."

"He ain't so very fur from here. He 's mighty tecken up with John Hall's gal, and is tryin' to meck out like he 's Gen'l Lee hisself, an' she ain't got no mo' sense than to b'lieve him."

"Why, we heard, Mr. Mills, she was going to marry you."

"Oh, no, I ain't a good enough soldier for her; she wants to marry *Gen'l Lee*."

The boys laughed at his dry tone.

As they walked along they consulted how the capture should be made.

"I tell you how to take him," said their companion. "He is a monstrous coward, and all you got to do is jest to bring your guns down on him. I would n't shoot him—'nless he tried to run; but if he did that, when he got a little distance I'd pepper him about his legs. Make him give up his sword and pistol and don't let him ride; 'cause if you do, he 'll git away. Make him walk—the rascal!"

The boys promised to carry out these kindly suggestions.

They soon came in sight of the little house where Mills said the deserter was. A soldier's

horse was standing tied at the gate, with a sword hung from the saddle. The owner, in full uniform, was sitting on the porch.

"I can't go any further," whispered their friend; "but that 's him — that 's 'Gen'l Lee' — the triffin' scoundrel! — loafin' 'roun' here 'sted o' goin' in the army! I b'lieve y' all is 'fraid to take him," eying the boys suspiciously.

"No, we ain't; you 'll see," said both boys, fired at the doubt.

"All right; I 'm goin' to wait right here and watch you. Go ahead."

The boys looked at the guns to see if they were all right, and marched up the road keeping their eyes on the enemy. It was agreed that Frank was to do the talking and give the orders.

They said not a word until they reached the gate. They could see a young woman moving about in the house, setting a table. At the gate they stopped, so as to prevent the man from getting to his horse.

The soldier eyed them curiously. "I wonder whose boys they is?" he said to himself. "They 's certainly actin' comical! Playin' soldiers, I reckon."

"Cock your gun — easy," said Frank, in a low tone, suiting his own action to the word.

Willy obeyed.

"Come out here, if you please," Frank called to the man. He could not keep his voice from shaking a little, but the man rose and lounged out toward them. His prompt compliance reassured them.

They stood, gripping their guns and watching him as he advanced.

"Come outside the gate!" He did as Frank said.

"What do you want?" he asked impatiently.

"You are our prisoner," said Frank, sternly, dropping down his gun with the muzzle toward the captive, and giving a glance at Willy to see that he was supported.

"Your *what*? What do you mean?"

"We arrest you as a deserter."

How proud Willy was of Frank!

"Go 'way from here; I ain't no deserter. I 'm a-huntin' for deserters, myself," the man replied, laughing.

Frank smiled at Willy with a nod as much as to say, "You see, — just what Tim told us!"

"Ain't your name Mr. Billy Johnson?"

"Yes; that 's my name."

"You are the man we 're looking for. March down that road. But don't run, — if you do, we 'll shoot you!"

As the boys seemed perfectly serious and the muzzles of both guns were pointing directly at him, the man began to think that they were in earnest.

But he could hardly credit his senses. A suspicion flashed into his mind.

"Look here, boys," he said, rather angrily, "I don't want any of your foolin' with me. I 'm too old to play with children. If you all don't go 'long home and stop giving me impudence, I 'll slap you over!" He started rather angrily toward Frank. As he did so, Frank brought the gun to his shoulder.

"Stand back!" he said, looking along the barrel, right into the man's eyes. "If you move a step, I 'll blow your head off!"

The soldier's jaw fell. He stopped and threw up his arm before his eyes.

"Hold on!" he called; "don't shoot! Boys, ain't you got better sense 'n that?"

"March on down that road. Willy, you get the horse," said Frank, decidedly.

The soldier glanced over toward the house. The voice of the young woman was heard singing a war song in a high key.

"Ef Mellindy sees me, I 'm a goner," he reflected. "Jes come down the road a little piece, will you?" he asked, persuasively.

"No talking, — march!" ordered Frank.

He looked at each of the boys; the guns still kept their perilous direction. The boys' eyes looked fiery to his surprised senses.

"Who is y' all?" he asked.

"We are two little Confederates! That 's who we are," said Willy.

"Is any of your parents ever — ever been in a asylum?" he asked, as calmly as he could.

"That 's none of your business," said Captain Frank. "March on!"

The man cast a despairing glance toward the house, where "The years" were "creeping slowly by, Lorena," in a very high pitch, — and then moved on.

"I hope she ain't seen nuthin'," he thought. "If I jest can git them guns away from 'em —"

Frank followed close behind him with his old gun held ready for need, and Willy untied the horse and led it. The bushes concealed them from the dwelling.

As soon as they were well out of sight of the house, Frank gave the order:

"Halt!" They all halted.

"Willy, tie the horse." It was done.

"I wonder if those boys is thinkin' 'bout shootin' me?" thought the soldier, turning and putting his hand on his pistol.

As he did so, Frank's gun came to his shoulder.

"Throw up your hands or you are a dead man." The hands went up.

"Willy, keep your gun on him, while I search

him for any weapons." Willy cocked the old musket and brought it to bear on the prisoner.

"Little boy, don't handle that thing so reckless," the man expostulated. "Ef that musket was to go off, it might kill me!"

"No talking," commanded Frank, going up to him. "Hold up your hands. Willy, shoot him if he moves."

Frank drew a long pistol from its holster with an air of business. He searched carefully, but there were no more.

The fellow gritted his teeth. "If she ever hears of *this*, Tim 's got her certain," he groaned; "but she won't never hear."

At a turn in the road his heart sank within him; for just around the curve they came upon Tim Mills sitting quietly on a stump. He looked at them with a quizzical eye, but said not a word.

The prisoner's face was a study when he recognized his rival and enemy. As Mills did not move, his courage returned.

"Good mornin', Tim," he said, with great politeness.

The man on the stump said nothing; he only looked on with complacent enjoyment.

"Tim, is these two boys crazy?" he asked slowly.

"They 're crazy 'bout shootin' deserters," replied Tim.

"Tim, tell 'em I ain't no deserter." His voice was full of entreaty.

"Well, if you ain't a d'serter, what you doin' outn the army?"

"You know ——" began the fellow fiercely; but Tim shifted his long single-barrel lazily into his hand and looked the man straight in the eyes, and the prisoner stopped.

"Yes, I know," said Tim with a sudden spark in his eyes. "An' *you* know," he added after a pause, during which his face assumed its usual listless look. "An' my edvice to you is to go 'long with them boys, if you don't want to git three loads of slugs in you. They *may* put 'em in you anyway. They 's sort o' 'stracted 'bout d'serters, and I can swear to it." He touched his forehead expressively.

"March on!" said Frank.

The prisoner, grinding his teeth, moved forward, followed by his guards.

Each man sent the same ugly look after the other as the enemies parted.

"It's all over! He's got her," groaned Johnson. As they passed out of sight, Mills rose and sauntered somewhat briskly (for him) in the direction of John Hall's.

They soon reached a little stream, not far from the depot where the provost-guard was stationed. On its banks the man made his last stand; but his obstinacy brought a black muzzle close to his head

with a stern little face behind it, and he was fain to march straight through the water, as he was ordered.

Just as he was emerging on the other bank, with his boots full of water and his trousers dripping, closely followed by Frank brandishing his pistol, a small body of soldiers rode up. They were the conscript-guard. Johnson's look was despairing.

"Why, Billy, what in thunder—? Thought you were sick in bed!"

Another minute and the soldiers took in the situation by instinct—and Johnson's rage was drowned in the universal explosion of laughter.

The boys had captured a member of the conscript-guard!

In the midst of it all, Frank and Willy, overwhelmed by their ridiculous error, took to their heels as hard as they could, and the last sounds that reached them were the roars of the soldiers as the scampering boys disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Johnson went back, in a few days, to see John Hall's daughter; but the young lady declared she would n't marry any man who let two boys make him wade through a creek; and a month or two later she married Tim Mills.

To all the gibes he heard on the subject of his capture, and they were many, Johnson made but one reply:

"Them boys 's had parents in a asylum, *sure!*"

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was now nearing the end of the third year of the war.

Hugh was seventeen, and was eager to go into the army. His mother would have liked to keep him at home; but she felt that it was her duty not to withhold anything, and Colonel Marshall offered Hugh a place with him. So a horse was bought, and Hugh went to Richmond and came back with a uniform and a saber. The boys truly thought that General Lee himself was not so imposing or so great a soldier as Hugh. They followed him about like two pet dogs, and when he sat down they stood and gazed at him adoringly.

When Hugh rode away to the army it was harder to part with him than they had expected; and though he had left them his gun and dog, to console them during his absence, it was difficult to keep from crying. Everyone on the plantation was moved. Uncle Balla, who up to the last moment had been very lively attending to the horse, as the young soldier galloped away sank down on the end of the steps of the office, and, dropping his hands on his knees, followed Hugh with his eyes until he disappeared over the hill. The old driver said nothing, but his face expressed a great deal.

The boys' mother cried a great deal, but it was generally when she was by herself.

"She 's afraid Hugh 'll be kilt," Willy said to Uncle Balla, in explanation of her tears,—the old servant having remarked that he "b'lieved she cried more, when Hugh went away, than she did when Marse John and Marse William both went."

"Hi! war n't she 'fred they 'll be kilt, too?" he asked in some scorn.

This was beyond Willy's logic, so he pondered over it.

"Yes, but she 's afraid Hugh 'll be kilt, as *well*

That winter, the place where the army went into winter-quarters was some distance from Oakland; but the young officers used to ride over, from time to time, two or three together, and stay for a day or two.

Times were harder than they had been before, but the young people were as gay as ever.

The Colonel, who had been dreadfully wounded in the summer, had been made a brigadier-general for gallantry. Hugh had received a slight wound in the same action. The General had written to the boys' mother about him; but he had not been



FRANK AND WILLY CAPTURE A MEMBER OF THE CONSCRIPT-GUARD.

as them," he said finally, as the best solution of the problem.

It did not seem to wholly satisfy Uncle Balla's mind, for when he moved off he said, as though talking to himself:

"She sutn'ey is 'sot' on that boy. He 'll be a gen'l hisself, the first thing she know."

There was a bond of sympathy between Uncle Balla and his mistress which did not exist so strongly between her and any of the other servants. It was due perhaps to the fact that he was the companion and friend of her boys.

home. The General had gone back to his command. He had never been to Oakland since he was wounded.

One evening, the boys had just teased their Cousin Belle into reading them their nightly portion of "The Talisman," as they sat before a bright lightwood fire, when two horsemen galloped up to the gate, their horses splashed with mud from fetlocks to ears. In a second, Lucy Ann dashed headlong into the room, with her teeth gleaming:

"Here Marse Hugh, out here!"

There was a scamper to the door—the boys first, shouting at the tops of their voices, Cousin Belle next, and Lucy Ann close at her heels.

"Who's with him, Lucy Ann?" asked Miss Belle, as they reached the passage-way, and heard several voices outside.

"The Cunnel's with 'im."

The young lady turned and fled up the steps as fast as she could.

"You see I brought my welcome with me," said the General, addressing the boy's mother, and laying his hand on his young aide's shoulder, as they stood, a little later, "thawing out" by the roaring log-fire in the sitting-room.

"You always bring that; but you are doubly welcome for bringing this young soldier back to me," said she, putting her arm affectionately around her son.

Just then the boys came rushing in from taking the horses to the stable. They made a dive toward the fire to warm their little chapped hands.

"I told you Hugh war n't as tall as the General," said Frank, across the hearth to Willy.

"Who said he was?"

"You!"

"I did n't."

"You did."

They were a contradictory pair of youngsters, and their voices, pitched in a youthful treble, were apt in discussion to strike a somewhat higher key; but it did not follow that they were in an ill humor merely because they contradicted each other.

"What *did* you say, if you did n't say that?" insisted Frank.

"I said he *looked* as if he *thought* himself as tall as the General," declared Willy, defiantly, oblivious in his excitement of the eldest brother's presence. There was a general laugh at Hugh's confusion; but Hugh had carried an order across a field under a hot fire, and had brought a regiment up in the nick of time, riding by its colonel's side in a charge which had changed the issue of the fight, and had a saber wound in the arm to show for it. He could therefore afford to pass over such an accusation with a little tweak of Willy's ear.

"Where's Cousin Belle?" asked Frank.

"I s'peck she's putting on her fine clothes for the General to see. Did n't she run when she heard he was here!"

"Willy!" said his mother, reprovingly.

"Well, she did, Ma."

His mother shook her head at him; but the General put his hand on the boy, and drew him closer.

"You say she ran?" he asked, with a pleasant light in his eyes.

"Yes, sirree; she did *that*."

Just then the door opened, and their Cousin Belle entered the room. She looked perfectly beautiful. The greetings were very cordial—to Hugh especially. She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

"You young hero!" she cried. "Oh! Hugh, I am so proud of you!"—kissing him again, and laughing at him, with her face glowing, and her big brown eyes full of light. "Where were you wounded? Oh! I was so frightened when I heard about it!"

"Where was it? Show it to us, Hugh; please do," exclaimed both boys at once, jumping around him, and pulling at his arm.

"Oh, Hugh, is it still very painful?" asked his cousin, her pretty face filled with sudden sympathy.

"Oh! no, it was nothing—nothing but a scratch," said Hugh, shaking the boys off, his expression being divided between feigned indifference and sheepishness, at this praise in the presence of his chief.

"No such thing, Miss Belle," put in the General, glad of the chance to secure her commendation. "It might have been very serious, and it was a splendid ride he made."

"Were you not ashamed of yourself to send him into such danger?" she said, turning on him suddenly. "Why did you not go yourself?"

The young man laughed. Her beauty entranced him. He had scars enough to justify him in keeping silence under her pretended reproach.

"Well, you see, I could n't leave the place where I was. I had to send some one, and I knew Hugh would do it. He led the regiment after the colonel and major fell—and he did it splendidly, too."

There was a chorus from the young lady and the boys together.

"Oh, Hugh, you hear what he says!" exclaimed the former, turning to her cousin. "Oh, I am so glad that he thinks so!" Then, recollecting that she was paying him the highest compliment, she suddenly began to blush, and turned once more to him. "Well, you talk as if you were surprised. Did you expect anything else?"

There was a fine scorn in her voice, if it had been real.

"Certainly not; you are all too clever at making an attack," he said coolly, looking her in the eyes. "But I have heard even of *your* running away," he added, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"When?" she asked quickly, with a little guilty color deepening in her face, as she glanced at the boys. "I never did."

"Oh, she did!" exclaimed both boys in a breath, breaking in, now that the conversation was within

their range. "You ought to have seen her. She just flew!" exclaimed Frank.

The girl made a rush at the offender to stop him.

"He does n't know what he is talking about," she said, roughly, over her shoulder.

"Yes, he does," called the other. "She was standing at the foot of the steps when you all came, and — oo — oo — oo —" the rest was lost as his cousin placed her hand close over his mouth.

"There, there! run away! You are too dangerous. They don't know what they are talking about," she said, throwing a glance toward the young officer, who was keenly enjoying her confusion. Her hand slipped from Willie's mouth and he went on. "And when she heard it was you, she just clapped her hands and ran — oo — oo — umm."

"Here, Hugh, put them out," she said to that young man, who, glad to do her bidding, seized both miscreants by their arms and carried them out, closing the door after them.

Hugh bore the boys into the dining-room, where he kept them until supper-time.

After supper, the rest of the family dispersed, and the boys' mother invited them to come with her and Hugh to her own room, though they were eager to go and see the General, and were much troubled lest he should think their mother was rude in leaving him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next day was Sunday. The General and Hugh had but one day to stay. They were to leave at daybreak the following morning. They thoroughly enjoyed their holiday; at least the boys knew that Hugh did. They had never

known him so affable with them. They did not see much of the General, after breakfast. He seemed to like to stay "stuck up in the house" all the time, talking to Cousin Belle; the boys thought this due to his lameness. Something had occurred, the boys did n't understand just what;



"THE OLD DRIVER SAID NOTHING, BUT HIS FACE EXPRESSED A GREAT DEAL."

but the General was on an entirely new footing with all of them, and their Cousin Belle was in some way concerned in the change. She did not any longer run from the General, and it seemed to them as though everyone acted as if he belonged to her. The boys did not altogether like the state of affairs. That afternoon, however, he and their Cousin Belle let the boys go out walking with them, and he was just as hearty as he could be; he made them tell him all about capturing the

deserter, and about catching the hogs, and everything they did. They told him all about their "Robbers' Cave," down in the woods near where an old house had stood. It was between two ravines near a spring they had found. They had fixed up the "cave" with boards and old pieces of carpet "and everything," and they told him, as a secret, how to get to it through the pines without leaving a trail. He had to give the holy pledge of the "Brotherhood" before this could be divulged to him; but he took it with a solemnity which made the boys almost forgive the presence of their Cousin Belle. It was a little awkward at first that she was present; but as the "Constitution" provided only as to admitting men to the mystic knowledge, saying nothing about women, this difficulty was, on the General's suggestion, passed over, and the boys fully explained the location of the spot, and how to get there by turning off abruptly from the path through the big woods right at the pine thicket,—and all the rest of the way.

"T ain't a 'sure-enough' cave," explained Willy; "but it's 'most as good as one. The old rock fire-place is just like a cave."

"The gullies are so deep you can't get there except that one way," declared Frank.

"Even the Yankees could n't find you there," asserted Willy.

"I don't believe anybody could, after that; but I trust they will never have to try," laughed their Cousin Belle, with an anxious look in her bright eyes, at the mere thought.

That night they were at supper, about eight o'clock, when something out-of-doors attracted the attention of the party around the table. It was a noise,—a something indefinable, but the talk and mirth stopped suddenly, and everybody listened.

There was a call, and the hurried steps of some one running, just outside the door, and Lucy Ann burst into the room, her face ashy pale.

"The yard's full o' mens—Yankees," she gasped, just as the General and Hugh rose from the table.

"How many are there?" asked both gentlemen.

"They's all 'roun' the house ev'y which a-way."

The General looked at his sweetheart. She came to his side with a cry.

"Go upstairs to the top of the house," called the boys' mother.

"We can hide you; come with us," said the boys.

"Go up the back way, Frank 'n' Willy, to you-all's den," whispered Lucy Ann.

"That's where we are going," said the boys as she went out.

"You all come on!" This to the General and Hugh.

"The rest of you take your seats," said the boys' mother.

All this had occupied only a few seconds. The soldiers followed the boys out by a side-door and dashed up the narrow stairs to the second-story just as a thundering knocking came at the front-door. It was as dark as pitch, for candles were too scarce to burn more than one at a time.

"You run back," said Hugh, to the boys, as they groped along. "There are too many of us. I know the way."

But it was too late; the noise downstairs told that the enemy was already in the house!

As the soldiers left the supper-room, the boys' mother had hastily removed two plates from the places and set two chairs back against the wall; she made the rest fill up the spaces, so that there was nothing to show that the two men had been there.

She had hardly taken her seat again, when the sound of heavy footsteps at the door announced the approach of the enemy. She herself rose and went to the door; but it was thrown open before she reached it and an officer in full Federal uniform strode in, followed by several men.

The commander was a tall young fellow, not older than the General. The lady started back somewhat startled, and there was a confused chorus of exclamations of alarm from the rest of those at the table. The officer, finding himself in the presence of ladies, removed his cap with a polite bow.

"I hope, madam, that you ladies will not be alarmed," he said. "You need be under no apprehension, I assure you." Even while speaking, his eye had taken a hasty survey of the room.

"We desire to see General Marshall, who is at present in this house, and I am sorry to have to include your son in my requisition. We know that they are here, and if they are given up, I promise you that nothing shall be disturbed."

"You appear to be so well instructed that I can add little to your information," said the mistress of the house, haughtily. "I am glad to say, however, that I hardly think you will find them."

"Madam, I know they are here," said the young soldier positively, but with great politeness. "I have positive information to that effect. They arrived last evening and have not left since. Their horses are still in the stable. I am sorry to be forced to do violence to my feelings, but I must search the house. Come, men."

"I doubt not you have found their horses," began the lady; but she was interrupted by Lucy Ann, who entered at the moment with a plate of fresh corn-cakes, and caught the last part of the sentence.

"Come along, Mister," she said, "I'll show

you, myself"; and she set down her plate, took the candle from the table and walked to the door, followed by the soldiers.

"Lucy Ann!" exclaimed her mistress; but she was too much amazed at the girl's conduct to say more.

"I know whar dey is!" Lucy Ann continued, taking no notice of her mistress. They heard her say, as she was shutting the door, "Y' all come with me; I 'feared they gone; ef they ain't, I know whar they is!"

"Open every room," said the officer.

"Oh, yes, sir; I gwine ketch 'em for you," she said, eagerly opening first one door, and then the other, "that is, ef they ain' gone. I mighty 'feared they gone. I seen 'em goin' out the back way about a little while befo' you all come,—but I thought they might 'a' come back. Mister, ken y' all teck me 'long with you when you go?" she asked the officer, in a low voice. "I want to be free."

"I don't know; we can some other time, if not now. We are going to set you all free."

"Oh, glory! Come 'long, Mister; let 's ketch 'em. They ain't heah, but I know whar dey is."

The soldiers closely examined every place where it was possible a man could be concealed, until they had been over all the lower part of the house.

Lucy Ann stopped. "Dey 's gone!" she said positively.

The officer motioned to her to go upstairs.

"Yes, sir, I wuz jes' goin' tell you we jes' well look upstairs, too," she said, leading the way, talking all the time, and shading the flickering candle with her hand.

The little group, flat on the floor against the wall in their dark retreat, could now hear her voice distinctly. She was speaking in a confidential undertone, as if afraid of being overheard.

"I wonder I did n't have sense to get somebody to watch 'em when they went out," they heard her say.

"She 's betrayed us!" whispered Hugh.

The General merely said, "Hush," and laid his hand firmly on the nearest boy to keep him still. Lucy Ann led the soldiers into the various chambers one after another. At last she opened the next room, and, through the walls, the men in hiding heard the soldiers go in and walk about.

They estimated that there were at least half-a-dozen.

"Is n't there a garret?" asked one of the searching party.

"Nor, sir, 't ain't no garret, jes' a loft; but they ain't up there," said Lucy Ann's voice.

"We 'll look for ourselves." They came out of the room. "Show us the way."

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"Look here, if you tell us a lie, we 'll hang you!"

The voice of the officer was very stern.

"I ain' gwine tell you no lie, Mister. What you reckon I wan' tell you lie for? Dey ain' in the garret, I know,—Mister, please don't p'int dem things at me. I 's 'feared o' dem things," said the girl in a slightly whimpering voice; "I gwine show you."

She came straight down the passage toward the recess where the fugitives were huddled, the men after her, their heavy steps echoing through the house. The boys were trembling violently. The light, as the searchers came nearer, fell on the wall, crept along it, until it lighted up the whole alcove. The boys held their breath. They could hear their hearts thumping.

Lucy Ann stepped into the recess with her candle, and looked straight at them.

"They ain't in here," she exclaimed, suddenly putting her hand up before the flame, as if to prevent it flaring, thus throwing the alcove once more into darkness. "The trap-door to the garret 's 'roun' that a-way," she said to the soldiers, still keeping her position at the narrow entrance, as if to let them pass. When they had all passed, she followed them.

The boys began to wriggle with delight, but the General's strong hand kept them still.

Naturally, the search in the garret proved fruitless, and the hiding-party heard the squad swearing over their ill-luck as they came back; while Lucy Ann loudly lamented not having sent some one to follow the fugitives, and made a number of suggestions as to where they had gone, and the probability of catching them if the soldiers went at once in pursuit.

"Did you look in here?" asked a soldier, approaching the alcove.

"Yes, sir; they ain't in there." She snuffed the candle out suddenly with her fingers. "Oh, oh! —my light done gone out! Mind! Let me go in front and show you the way," she said; and, pressing before, she once more led them along the passage.

"Mind yo' steps; ken you see?" she asked.

They went downstairs, while Lucy Ann gave them minute directions as to how they might catch "Marse Hugh an' the Gen'l" at a certain place a half-mile from the house (an unoccupied quarter), which she carefully described.

A further investigation ensued downstairs, but in a little while the searchers went out of the house. Their tone had changed since their disappointment, and loud threats floated up the dark stairway to the prisoners still crouching in the little recess.

In a few minutes the boys' Cousin Belle came rushing upstairs.

"Now 's your time! Come quick," she called; "they will be back directly. Isn't she an angel!" The whole party sprang to their feet, and ran down to the lower floor.

"Oh, we were so frightened!" "Don't let them see you." "Make haste," were the exclamations that greeted them as the two soldiers said their good-byes and prepared to leave the house.

"Go out by the side-door; that 's your only chance. It 's pitch-dark, and the bushes will hide you. But where are you going?"

"We are going to the boys' cave," said the General, buckling on his pistol; "I know the way,

and we 'll get away as soon as these fellows leave, if we can not before."

"God bless you!" said the ladies, pushing them away in dread of the enemy's return.

"Come on, General," called Hugh in an undertone. The General was lagging behind a minute to say good-bye once more. He stopped suddenly and kissed Miss Belle before them all.

"Good-bye. God bless you!" and he followed Hugh out of the window into the darkness. The girl burst into tears and ran up to her room.

A few seconds afterward the house was once more filled with the enemy, growling at their ill luck in having so narrowly missed the prize.

"We 'll catch 'em yet," said the leader.

(To be continued.)



My Name
is only Polly,
Little Polly C—,
But sometimes, as a joke
you know,
They call me
just Sweet P.

"MR. CROWLEY."

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

A RATHER ingenious gentleman named Darwin, of whom little folks may have heard, made up his mind, after a deal of thinking, that the first man was a monkey. Perhaps Mr. Darwin is right; but one might be more sure about it, if a few family portraits had been handed down. Nevertheless, after going to see "Mr. Crowley," one is almost ready to admit that we are really descended from monkeys; also, that we can not begin trying to climb back to them any too soon.

Mr. Crowley can do so many things that neither you nor I can do, and that we both would like to do, that I sometimes think it would be rather nice to be real monkeys!

To the little people of New York, most of whom know him by sight and have attended his garden-parties, if not his indoor receptions, Mr. Crowley needs no introduction. But to those who live elsewhere it may be well to say that Mr. Crowley is a monkey, a "Chimpanzee"; born of honest but hairy parents, in Africa, nearly four years ago, but now living in Central Park, New York. When he was very young his mother confided him to the care of the United States Minister-Resident at Liberia, with whom he lived as a member of the home circle, acquiring courtly manners, until he was eight months old. Then he was brought to America. But in that early training and the excellent influences by which he was surrounded in Liberia, we probably have an explanation of his good behavior now, and of the readiness with which he takes to tracts, school-books,—or anything else he can easily master and tear to pieces.

It may be that from "receiving" with his Minister-Resident friend, Mr. Crowley got into his habit of shaking hands. He puts out his great, hairy paw to every one who visits his cage, and if one does not respond at once to this hospitable invitation to come in, he tries to pull the visitor through the bars, which, fortunately, are so near together that it is not necessary to become more intimate with his monkeyship than one wishes.

It must not be thought that Mr. Crowley came to us with the highly respectable name he now bears; and we know how much he is respected

from the fact that he never has been nicknamed. Although people speak of "Washington," "Cleveland," etc., no one ever omits the "handle" of his name. He is always *Mr. Crowley*.

And yet he is not dignified in his manner. So much of his time is spent in turning somersets, that his quarters, like those of one of England's great dukes, might be called "Somerset House." From his performances on the trapeze, one might think him a member of Barnum's circus, or of the Yale or Harvard athletic club. At times he curls himself up on the floor and howls with colic, like a child. Mr. Crowley has these stomach-aches so often that I sometimes think him very human, indeed; and if he were a small boy, I have no doubt he would use them many a time as an excuse for staying away from school. But it's seldom that he can not eat when given anything good. This winter, when he had pneumonia, he lost his appetite entirely; and it was touching to see the look of reproach he cast on a man who offered him some hot-house grapes. It was as though he said: "Is this really doing the fair and square thing by a sick monkey,—to offer him delicacies when he can't eat?" But he recovered from his sickness, and is now as well and wicked as ever. You will notice that monkeys are like children—the better they feel the worse they behave. Perhaps, by the way, Mr. Crowley owes his speedy recovery and present good health to his never refusing to take his medicine—from which children may learn a lesson. When it was brought to him he never complained, nor said he would n't take it. On the contrary, he took it at once—in his eager, outstretched hand—smelled of it with a submissive air, then threw it straight at the attendant who stood by with tear-stained face. It was confessed on all sides that medicine was seldom known to go so directly to the mark.

One of the great comforts of Mr. Crowley's life, perhaps the main thing that reconciles him to being shut indoors when the weather is fine enough to play out, is piling up sawdust. After a long resting of his head on his hands, apparently in deep study, he suddenly jumps up as though a thought had struck him, retires to a corner of his

cage, and there piles up sawdust with great pains and precision. I sometimes wonder if he fancies it money—is devoting himself to the pursuit of wealth! Or does it take the place, to him, of school—and is he storing up algebra, grammar, conic sections, and dead and dry languages—to be all scattered and forgotten when next he turns round? Whatever may be the practical use of all this piling, it no doubt disciplines the mind, and so is a thing to be encouraged!

Mr. Crowley learns easily. Sometimes I think he might reach distinction as a cook—a "good plain cook,"—but as a housemaid he is not a success. It occurred to his keeper (since sweeping Mr. Crowley's cage and keeping it clean was no little trouble) that Mr. Crowley might be trained to do this for himself. So a broom was

induce him to take in it a more active part than sitting by and looking on. If there were thought of apprenticing him to a trade, I should say he'd make a very fair plumber.

Wonderful as is Mr. Crowley in most things, astonishing as are his feats on the flying trapeze, the chief attraction is to see him eat. Not that he eats so much, or so awkwardly; but because of the excellence of his table manners. Some are born to a knife and fork, others achieve knives and forks—but this monkey, you must remember, had a knife and fork thrust upon him. He certainly was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, nor with a napkin in his hand. I am not sure that even the missionaries and ministers-resident of Liberia have such luxuries. Yet Mr. Crowley uses them all as though familiar with

them from the cradle. I am a judge of table manners—having, in my time, dined at hotels, railroad restaurants, and other places where people eat in a hurry—and I greatly admire Mr. Crowley's. He cuts his food into pieces which are quite small (compared with the size of his mouth), takes his soup noiselessly, and never wipes his fingers on the tablecloth!

All this proves that there is nothing new under the sun. Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," which you will read some day, also wrote a bigger book, called "Animated Nature." That was more than a hundred years ago, before roller-skates and tricycles were invented, before Stanley had penetrated into the heart of Africa. Then, even collections of postage-stamps were unknown, and there were no collectors—perhaps because in those days there were no postage-stamps. Now instead of arranging his animals in groups



MR. CROWLEY AMUSES HIMSELF WITH THE SAWDUST.

brought and lessons were given in its use. But, at the end of a whole course, he still persisted in using the broom only on his keeper,—always taking hold of it by the wrong end. Another trait which he has in common with some children is that, when work of any kind is really going on, no one can

under long Latin names, good Mr. Goldsmith divided them off into "Animals of the Cow Kind," "Animals of the Goat and Sheep Kind," "Animals of the Monkey Kind," and animals of a great many other kinds. Among animals of the monkey kind he describes what he calls "the orang-

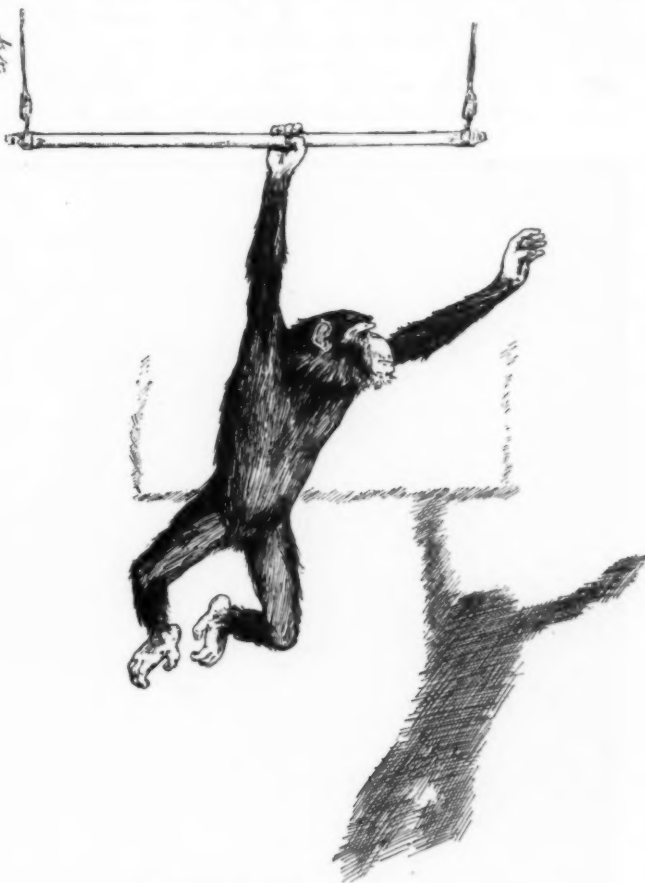
outang, or wild man of the woods," and one of these in particular, mentioned by Buffon, seems to have been the Mr. Crowley of that day. "I have seen it," says Mr. Buffon, "give its hand to show the company to the door; I have seen it sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of the spoon and the fork to carry the victuals to its mouth; pour out its wine into a glass, touch glasses when invited."

Mr. Crowley, not long ago, seized his keeper and bit his arm. Now we animals of the human kind are often guided by what we call "taste," instead of by what we know to be right or wrong; but this does not excuse Mr. Crowley. He should not have tasted of his keeper, even to find out whether or not he liked him. That is not the way in which a gentleman "takes a friend by the arm," and of this Mr. Crowley was made aware by a box on the ear which sent him howling into a corner, where he boo-hooed like a mortified child, and seemed to repent of his impoliteness. Speedy repentance usually comes with speedy punishment, and probably Mr. Crowley will never again attempt to "monkey" with so prompt a disciplinarian.

Mr. Crowley is too much a monkey of the world to judge of persons or things by first sight. No—he judges by first smell. And on anything he can get to his nose he is ready to pronounce an opinion. If you gave him a story to read, he'd smell it instead. This way of reading, let me remark, is not hard on one's eyes, and can be done in the dark. And when I think how quickly dry and improving articles—such as every one writes for children and no one reads—could be disposed of by Mr. Crowley's simple method, I find myself wishing that I had his nose.

Another advantage of being Mr. Crowley, would be that one would have two pairs of hands to work with—I mean, to play with. For his feet are, in fact, hands; you might say that he took a thing

"in foot" just as well as to say that he took it "in hand." If you passed under the pine-tree where he sat—perhaps busy with conic sections—he could snatch off your hat without reaching



MR. CROWLEY TAKES A LITTLE EXERCISE.

down his hands; or he could take off his own hat to you without raising an arm. It is funny to see him haul on a rope—for one does not every day see a four-handed sailor—and I'm sure, too, that he'd be astonishingly handy to have on a farm. But I do hope he will never turn up as a pianist. Think how dreadful it would be if pianists could play a duet by themselves, as it were! Why, there'd be no comfort for anybody!

It is to be regretted that chimpanzees do not, like children, grow nicer as they grow older. But truth compels me to say that they do not. When

young, they are playful, frank, and confiding; with age, they become morose, treacherous, and revengeful. Whether or not it is experience with the world which hardens their feelings I do not know; but an old chimpanzee would be neither pleasant nor safe as a playfellow. For the matter of that, I'd scarcely care to romp with Mr. Crowley even. The strength of these big monkeys is terrible. Though their arms look lean, they're all muscle; feel of Mr. Crowley's (if you care to), and

and throw stones when they fall out. Other animals scratch, kick, or bite; but only monkeys, men, and boys take to clubs and stones. I've already told you what Mr. Crowley does with his broom. I may add that, for want of streets in the heart of Africa, young monkeys can pelt each other only through the woods, which must be rather unsatisfying.

Sometimes I wonder how it would be if the tables were turned, and one of us were captured



A PORTRAIT OF MR. CROWLEY.

you'll get a good idea of what whipcord and whalebone twisted together would be like.

If animals of the monkey kind only went on growing sweeter and lovelier as they grew older, as do those of the human kind, it would not be so bad to have one for a grandpapa. But I'd not care to have a miserable chimpanzee take me up in his arms, for there's no saying in how many pieces he'd put me down.

One curious thing about these creatures, is that they alone, of all the inferior animals, use clubs

by the chimpanzees. Would they put him in a cage and make a show of him? Would they regret that he was so ignorant of their ways, and try to make him like one of themselves? Would they try to teach him to crack nuts with his teeth—and perhaps to scratch his ear with his right foot? Would they consider him as belonging to a lower creation because, instead of being contented with what was around him and piling up the sawdust that lay ready to his hand, he kept reaching for what was not in sight, and insisted on trying to

pile up pieces of green-backed paper that have not even pretty pictures on them — only portraits of presidents, and that sort of thing? Would they think he wasted time in reading books and newspapers, when, so far as they saw, he could get at the best that was in the papers by only smelling them?

Mr. Goldsmith tells us that Buffon quotes Le Brasse (a great traveler of long ago) as saying that a negro boy was once captured by his "wild

men of the woods" and carried off into the forests, and kept by them for a whole year. But the negro boy kept no diary, so we do not know what the chimpanzees did. Perhaps they only stood about his cage and studied him from the outside, and then went off and wrote articles about him, as I have done with this chimpanzee. But one good turn deserves another; and if things keep on evolving, it may yet be my good luck to have a monkey for my biographer.

THE QUEST.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

THERE once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good Mother, Oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple-tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple-tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh,
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple-tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet Mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple-tree."





CHILDREN AND AUTHORS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

AUTHORS are often said to belong to what they call in Latin the *genus irritabile*, or as we should say in English, "the irritable race." But those who find pleasure in reading will prefer to think of them as resembling that distracted gentleman in John Leech's picture, who appears, pen in hand, at his study door to protest, ever so gently, against the noise which his children are making in the hall and on the stairs.

It is quite plain that he has been making frantic efforts to collect his thoughts, for an hour or more,—struggling, no doubt, to do the work which is to feed and clothe those boisterous young ones. He stands there in an attitude of despair, with the very mildest expression of protest on his face, saying, "Now, my dear children, my dear children, *do* be quiet!" and when he withdraws after his remonstrance, as the artist leaves us to suppose that he does, let

us hope that the children will take pity on him and go away into the garden.

Irritable though they may be with others, authors are usually fond of children, and patient with them. For instance, the poet Campbell was a man of violent temper, but he was all tenderness and gentleness with young people.

One day in the park he passed a child with a face so beautiful that it haunted him, and he longed to see it again. He sought and inquired, but in vain. Then he put an advertisement in the papers:

"A gentleman, sixty-three years old, who, on Saturday last, between six and seven P. M., met a most interesting-looking child, but who forbears from respect for the lady who had her in hand, to ask the girl's name and abode, will be gratefully obliged to those who have the happiness of possessing the child, to be informed where she lives, and if he may be allowed to see her again."

Now, Campbell had certain mischievous friends who decided to answer this advertisement, and not knowing what other address to give they picked out the last name in the London Directory. The next day the poet set out, expecting to see the lovely child. When he arrived at the house he was shown into the drawing-room.

"Madam," he said to the lady he found there, "may I now be allowed to see your beautiful offspring?"

She looked at him with astonishment and indignation for a moment, and then rang for the servant to show him to the door.

One remembers the friendship of Prince Henry, the eldest son of King James the First, for Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a courtier, an explorer, and a man of science, as well as an author.

Raleigh was confined in the Tower of London for fourteen years, and Prince Henry said:

"No one but my father would keep such a bird in a cage."

One recalls, also, the child-friendships of the French authors, Fénelon and Voltaire, as well as those of the great German author, Goethe.

In the time of Queen Anne, there was a club in London to which belonged nearly all the famous authors of the town, and it was their custom every year to elect some reigning beauty as a "toast." One year they chose Lady Wortley Montagu, who was then only eight years old. She was sent for by her father, the Duke of Kingston, and the gentlemen fed her with sweets, kissed her, and wrote her name with the points of their diamonds upon their wineglasses. Late in life, when describing her experience, she said:

"Pleasure is too poor a word to express my sensations. They amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout my whole life did I pass so happy an evening."

One is forced to think, however, that it would have been much better for so young a child had she been at home and in bed.

Nearly all of the greatest modern authors have left records of friendships with children. Coleridge used to call children Kingdom of Heavenites, and a very celebrated critic has said, "A man, whatever his mental powers, can take delight in the society of a child, when a person of intellect far more matured, but inferior to his own, would be simply insufferable."

Going further back, we come to Oliver Goldsmith, who, himself a child in many ways all his life, had a true affection for children.

Goldsmith was one of the eight children of a poor clergyman in Ireland who found it more than he could do to provide for so large a family. The poverty his brothers and sisters knew, Oliver

shared; and, more than this, he had to endure the taunts of those who despised him for his homely face and dull mind. His face was pale and pock-marked, and they thought that he was a little blockhead because he could not learn his lessons just as other boys do. It was easy to impose upon him; to tell him cock-and-bull stories, and then laugh at him for believing in them. He was so simple, so confiding, so easily deceived that they all thought he must be a fool; and, shrinking from the ridicule they cast upon him, he grew shyer and more awkward as the conviction was forced upon him that their estimate of him was right.

We know of only two occasions when he was stung into a defense of himself, and then he spoke



THOMAS CAMPBELL. (FROM A STIPPLE ENGRAVING BY T. BLOOD OF THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, R. A.)

so well that, had they cared for him, they would have seen that though he did not shine at school he was no dolt.

"Well, sir, when do you intend to grow handsome?" said one of his relatives, who was not one of the best of men.

"I mean to get better when you do, sir," the boy replied, with dignity.

Then when he was dancing a hornpipe in the house of his uncle John, the person who was providing the music called him "Ugly Æsop." Quickly enough Oliver retorted:

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

Still, his schoolmaster labored with him, and his

inn; and, as a joke, was directed to the house of the Squire, where he called for supper and a room, treating the inmates as though they were servants. Not until he called for his reckoning the next morning did he learn that he was in a private house, and that the Squire, realizing the mistake, had taken pleasure in humoring him in it. Long afterwards he made this incident the motive of "She Stoops to Conquer," one of the most delightful comedies ever written.



LITTLE OLIVER GOLDSMITH DANCING A HORNPIFE IN THE HOUSE OF HIS UNCLE JOHN.

schoolmates laughed at him; and of all the boys in the village he was regarded as the least promising. Whenever any one had a worthless toy to sell, Oliver Goldsmith would buy it;—that is, if he happened to have the money, which was not often. He was as simple in such matters as Moses Primrose, whose bargain in green spectacles may be read of in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and was always being cheated and deluded.

Once, in his seventeenth year, he set out for a holiday with a guinea in his pocket, a most unusual amount; and being detained, he found it necessary to spend the night in a village some distance from home. He inquired for the best house in the village, meaning, of course, the best

Guineas and holidays were alike scarce, however, and when he entered college it was as a "sizar," a name given to certain students who were educated for a reduced sum, in consideration of waiting at table and sweeping the halls. He had to wear a servant's badge, and to endure the jeers of those students who were more fortunate.

He was now poorer than ever, for his father had died; but he eked out the allowance his relatives made him, with the shillings he received for ballads written for the street-singers. His guardian angel had whispered to him, as Thackeray says, and he not only found in himself a gift for versification, but also a solace in exercising it. Night after night he would leave the college to

hear his ditties sung, and then, meeting some beggar in the street—a shivering child or a crying woman—he would give away every penny he had, forgetting his own hunger, his scanty food, and the fireless room in which he had to work and sleep. No doubt many who had laughed at his sallow face and awkward manners would have said that he was still a fool; and if it is folly to be generous and unable to see suffering without attempting to relieve it, he was a fool to the end of his days.

After leaving college he looked for an opening in several professions. He thought he would become a clergyman, but the bishop would not have him, it is said, because he presented himself for ordination in a pair of red breeches; he set out intending to study law in London, but was fleeced of his money in Dublin: he went to Edinburgh and entered a medical school, but left without a diploma.

Then he crossed the Channel, and traveled on foot through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. He had little or no money, and poverty was his inseparable companion. He claimed the hospitality of convents and monasteries; and when these were not to be found he slept in barns, or, at a pinch, even under the hedges. In Italy there were universities in which on certain days various learned subjects were discussed, and any stranger who showed skill in debate was rewarded with a sum of money, a supper, and a night's lodging. Like a knight-errant of old, Goldsmith joined in these contests, and sometimes won the prizes. But his chief resource on his travels was a flute, which he played passably well; and though fashionable city people may have found his performances "odious," the peasants before whose doors he lingered, and especially their children, were always willing to invite him in and give him food and shelter.

After a year, he returned to England, having only a few half-pence in his pocket; and going to London he attempted to practice as apothecary's clerk. From this a friend rescued him, and attempted to establish him as a physician—for one of the foreign universities had conferred a degree upon him—but patients were few and far between, and while at their bedsides he had to hold his hat to his breast to hide the hole in his coat.

Another friend found a place for him as usher in a school; but the boys made his life miserable, though he was kind to them and contributed to their entertainment with his flute, and by telling them the wonderful stories of which he had an endless supply. He spent most of his small salary in buying sweetmeats for them, and in relieving beggars, until at last the headmaster's wife had to

ask him to let her take care of his money for him.

One day when he was playing his flute, he paused to speak of the pleasure to be derived from a knowledge of music, and of how much it adds to the attractiveness of a gentleman in society.

"But surely you do not consider yourself a gentleman!" an ill-mannered and unfeeling boy exclaimed.

Slights of this kind caused him to look back with intense pain to this period of life, though he had some warm friends among the scholars.

Meeting one of them in the street, after he had become famous, Goldsmith walked forward to greet him. The scholar had reached manhood and his wife was by his side, but Goldsmith could think of him only as the schoolboy whom he used to treat.

"I am delighted to see you, Sam," he cried. "Come, my boy, I must treat you to something. What shall it be? Apples?" saying which, he led the bewildered gentleman to an apple-woman standing at the corner, intending to cram him with fruit, as Goldsmith, then a celebrity, used to do when a poor usher.

Ceasing to be an usher, he became the slave of a bookseller, writing essays, poems, and stories, to order. Though slighted at the time, these have since been recovered and placed among the treasures of English literature. A hard time he had of it, little better, indeed, than when he was a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin; and experience had taught him no lesson in thrift which he cared to remember. Improvident still, he would give away his last penny though he needed it to appease his own hunger.

"A night-cap decked his brows, instead of lay;
A cap by night, a stocking all the day."

He lodged in Green Arbor Court, a miserable house in a miserable neighborhood, and his clothes were so ragged that he could go out only in the night time. Often, when it seemed his head must split from the noise made by the scolding women and the romping children, he would go downstairs and quiet them by playing his flute; and though his fellow-lodgers and neighbors were poor and uneducated, they all loved the unfortunate poet.

One day a distinguished visitor came to see him,—no less a person than Thomas Percy, the Bishop of Dromore. Goldsmith sat at a table writing an "Enquiry into Polite Learning." (Just think of it, an "Enquiry into Polite Learning" amidst such surroundings!) The only furniture was a bed, a table, and the chair in which the poet sat.

"While we were conversing," the Bishop has

written, "some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of a very becoming demeanor entered the room, and, dropping a curtsy, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you, to lend her a potful of coals.'"

Goldsmith was always willing to lend—and to borrow.



"BY AND BY THE DOOR OPENED, AND GOLDSMITH HIMSELF APPEARED."

On another occasion the landlord of the same house was dragged to jail for debt, and his wife and children came to the poet begging that he would help them. He had no money. What could he do? Quite recently he had borrowed

some money to buy a new suit of clothes, so that he might make a decent appearance in presenting himself for examination at a hospital, in which he hoped to get a situation. He bundled up the suit and took it to the pawnbroker's, returning with the money to relieve the distressed family. A week or so later, he himself was again on the verge of starvation.

One more story of his goodness, and we shall be done. His genius was at last recognized, and he became one of the great men of London society. One day, when visiting at the house of Colman, the dramatist, he took his host's little son on his knee and began to play with him. The child did not like it, and slapped Goldsmith's face, for which he was carried off in disgrace and locked up in a dark room. He bawled and kicked for deliverance, believing, as he said in after years, that if nobody would pity him, some one might release him if only to abate a nuisance.

By and by the door opened, and Goldsmith himself appeared, with his face still red from the slap. He at once began to caress the offender, who continued to sulk and pout. Then he brought three shillings out of his pocket and promised to show a trick, for which purpose he found three hats.

"These shillings," he said, "are England, France, and Spain. Now, behold! Hey, presto, cockalorum!" The shillings, which had been distributed, each under a different hat, were suddenly and in the most mysterious way found all together under one hat.

Ever after that, the boy and the poet were the fastest friends; nor did the latter ever visit the Colman house that he was not entreated to play "Hey, cockalorum!"

It is well known that the works of Goldsmith are among the noblest in the English language: but there is one work for which children, especially, owe him a debt, since he is said to have written the wonderful story of "Goody Two-shoes."

LITTLE IKE TEMPLIN.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

I.

"'T is mighty rude to eat so much—but all 's so good."—*Pope*.

A GOOD housekeeper was the widow Templin, a good mother, a good mistress, a good neighbor,—a good woman in general. Among her negroes was one who had risen into some distinction in the family at quite an early age, and his name was Little Ike. From his middle upward, he was all that ought reasonably to be expected of a negro baby; but his lower extremities were not satisfactory. His legs, for some reason, although not wanting either in form or longitude, were lacking in fleshy and muscular development. So that when he was as much as two years old, he had not learned to walk, nor even firmly stand alone. He was an excellent crawler, however, the vigor and agility of his arms compensating well for other deficiencies that might have obstructed or at least delayed locomotion. Altogether, he was a rather pronounced character for a person of his age and social position. This pronouncement proceeded, for the most part, along the line of eating. He had early evinced a fondness, that in one so young might be characterized as almost remarkable, for eatables, or for whatever he took to be eatables, of every description that came within reach of his hands or within sight of his eyes. Those eyes had acquired the habit when not obscured by sleep, or the dark, of rolling themselves around almost constantly in a way which led to the suspicion that they were in search of something good. Those hands had learned, from an extremely early period in his career, to extend themselves in petitioning, and (I may as well confess), sometimes, indeed, in grabbing, often in stealing attitudes; though, in fairness, I should add that, down to this date (or up to it, whichever is proper to say), they had never stolen anything except for the purpose or with intent to eat it, or to try to eat it. It never could be accounted for that he was so tardy in learning the use of speech, for he had a voice which might be called tremendous, when put forth to its best, as it often was while he was suffering from physical pain or more frequently from anger over a disappointment. In understanding, there was not a person, white or black, on the place who did not consider him fully

the equal of any negro baby, there or elsewhere, within their acquaintance; while some old people, as well as young, were boldly outspoken in the opinion that he was superior to them all.

Upon development so irregular, Little Ike's "mammy" used much to speculate, and not infrequently would she venture to indulge in predictions as to results.

"Dat boy"—she would say in the tone of a woman who feels that she knows what she is talking about—"dat boy ain' no common chile, ner he ain' niver be'n a common chile, not since he be'n borned."

The nurse of Little Ike was his sister Till (a contraction of Matilda), some seven or eight years older. Now, instead of the ardent natural affection which ought to exist between sister and brother, Till unfortunately felt great disregard for Little Ike, and she honestly believed that this was the most just and becoming feeling for her to indulge.

Yet, after much study and reflection in the midst of a considerable number of unpleasant personal experiences, she had evolved a theory of her own, in the soundness of which she had much faith. Having to carry her charge in her arms or upon her shoulders whenever a change of base was necessary or desirable, she was wont to move with such and only such degree of tender carefulness as she supposed (often erroneously) would enable her to escape punishment for omissions in that line of duty.

Till was whipped not only for her own misdemeanors, but also for Little Ike's. If Little Ike, while in her charge, cried with violence, whether the cause was apparent or not, Till was punished for it. When his roguish hands were found to have in their grasp an item of contraband eatable property, down on Till's shoulders came the hickory or the peachy-tree switch. Consequently, after "toting" Ike until she had become much fatigued, she would set him on the ground, and address him after this manner:

"Mammy and dem need n't talk t' me en say appetite de only marter wid you. It 's dat, but top o' dat it 's laziness, en on top o' dat it 's meanness, en wusser 'n dat. You too lazy t' larn t' walk en talk, en you dat mean you des' nately love t' have me lose my bref en break myself down a-

totin' you all over queation; en den see mammy a-layin de peachy-tree on me fer your meanness. Dat time you bit me, case I tuck out your han' dat

greedy. En I tell you now," she would add, lifting her finger in solemn warning, "If you don' min', de Bad Man 'll git you fo' you knows it."



"DAT AIN' NO COMMON CHILE!"

green apple you stole out o' my pocket, you hol-ler'd, you did, en soon 's mammy came at me wid de peachy-tree, you hushed, you did, en you went to laughin'. Can' fool me 'bout you, boy; you des' es lazy en you des' es mean as you is

Her reminder of the mirth in which he had indulged on the occasion referred to was just, and to a degree excusable was her resentment therefor. For while in general the sportive element in Little Ike's being appeared to have taken on almost no

development, yet he always seemed to feel the highest satisfaction when Till was being whipped, and evinced it sometimes by laughing aloud.

After setting him down, on such occasions, she would give him something to gnaw; and, throughout such space as she thought she might command, seek whatever amusements were to be had therein. A cry from Little Ike, or a warning call from her mammy, would make her hasten to the central point of duty. Mrs. Templin had often chided the mother for her indiscriminate inflictions upon Till, and many a time they had been prevented or lessened through her interference.

number of pebbles, from which she often selected sets for a game called "checks," of which girls of both races were fond. Growing tired of this sport after some time, she thought she might scale the garden-fence and make a brief expedition to the strawberry-bed, whose fruit had just begun to take on an appetizing redness. Little Ike showed, by several unmistakable signs, his unwillingness to be left alone; but, after one cry, he was reduced to silence in a way which, if the suspicions against Till were well founded, might be regarded as at least novel and rather remarkable. Not more than a few dozens of the young fruit had been



"'EN I TELL YOU NOW," SHE WOULD ADD, LIFTING HER FINGER IN SOLEMN WARNING, 'IF YOU DON' MIN', DZ BAD MAN 'LL GIT YOU FO' YOU KNOWS IT.'"

Great as was Little Ike's voracity, even his mammy, who claimed to know him best, believed that she had found, one day, that its vastness had been underrated. The incident I am about to relate was more than sufficient, not only to alarm a parent, but to excite compassion in any person at all capable of sympathy with the sufferings of humanity.

After dinner, Till lifted Ike up, and took him out for a limited excursion about the yard. In a corner of the yard was a small thicket of plum-trees and cherry-trees, in the shade of which Till used often to rest with her charge, seated on a couple of boards. She had piled there quite a

pulled and consumed, when the mother called loudly to her from the kitchen. Till ran back in such haste that, in recrossing the fence, she fell sprawling, and did not answer the oft-repeated calls until she had risen from the ground, when she was seen by her mammy, who, breathing and uttering fiercest threatenings, ran to the thicket. To her horror, there sat Little Ike, swaying his body, kicking with utmost possible earnestness and activity, moving up and down both hands, filled with pebbles; while from his mouth protruded a stone of such magnitude that no adult, to say nothing of a baby, could have swallowed it.

Mrs. Templin, in answer to the mother's frantic screams, soon reached the scene. Lifting Little Ike from the ground, she repaired with all speed to the house, followed closely by the mother, and by the sister from afar. Mrs. Templin sat down on a front step, the mother and Till on either side.

"T'ank goodness!" said the mother. "Dat rock wuz too big for him to swaller!"

On its withdrawal, which was not effected without some difficulty, Little Ike repressed the scream he had first thought to utter, and slyly putting forth his hand he slid it into his sister's pocket, drew therefrom a half-ripe strawberry, and before he could be arrested, had plunged it into his mouth. Mrs. Templin laughed aloud.

"Well, ef dat don't beat! Dat gal wan' to leave dat boy, en go atter dem strawbays; en, ter keep dat boy from holl'in', she qwam dat big rock in he mouf; en ef dey is peachy-trees 'nough in de orchid——"

"No, ma'am, mammy, no ma'am," began Till, "I 'clar——"

"Stop, Till," said her mistress, "or you are certain to make matters worse. Take the child and go back to your play, and try to mind better what you do. You might have injured the poor little fellow, and he your own brother at that."

"Mist'ess," said the woman in a tone of remonstrance that was almost piteous, "you ain' gwine let dat huzzy off dat way, showly,—is you? Nuver you min'!" she called after Till, who was hurriedly making off, "I 'll git you. You 'pen' on it. I 'll git you!"

"No, Judy, you are not to whip her for that. We've all been too badly scared to feel anything but thankful. Go back to the kitchen, and try to be thankful instead of being so angry," said Mrs. Templin. And Judy went her way, muttering, "Bes' mist'ess a-livin'—but she alluz wuz too easy wid dat gal."

(To be continued.)

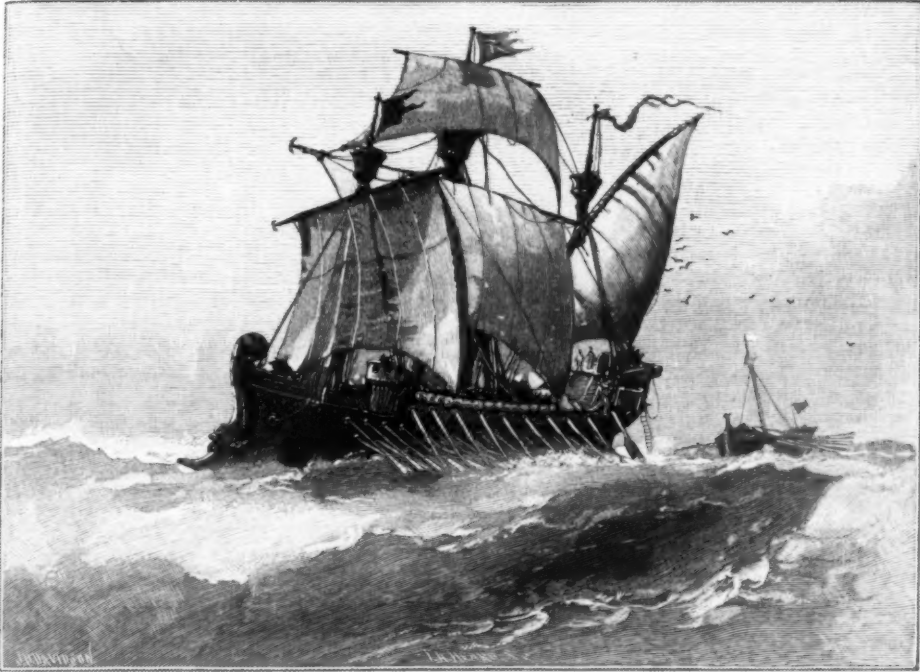


BETWEEN TWO LITTLE ROBBERS.
(AFTER A PAINTING BY LÉO DEHAISNE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF AD. BRAUN & CO.)

A ROMAN MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN.

A. D. 121.

BY E. S. BROOKS.



THE games for the day were over in Lyons. The vast throng had left the circus; the victors in the fight had gone to their quarters, and the wide arena was left to the workers whose duty it was to prepare the ground for the next day's games.

Old Bulbus, the master of the gladiators, lounged at his ease upon the broad bear-skin covered bench in the house of the prefect; and, stretched upon the mosaic floor at his feet, each with chin on hand, lay the prefect's two children, Antonius and Sabina.

Sturdy and healthy-looking, as became those outdoor-reared children of old France, this boy and girl of the splendid capital city of Roman Gaul showed in their flushed faces and sparkling eyes that the excitement of the day's sports had not yet fully passed away.

And it had been exciting. For grim old Bulbus, seeking for novelty, had flooded the big amphitheater with water from the river Saone, near at hand, and transformed the sawdust arena into a

miniature lake. And here, for the pleasure of the city's visitor, the great Emperor Hadrian, and for the thousands of spectators, he had displayed a *naumachia*, or sea-fight, a sight vastly different from the conflicts between beasts and men usually shown in the games.

It had been a gorgeous display. Barges and galleys, richly gilded and crowded with gladiators, had met in deadly struggle; and all the crash and terror of an old-time sea-fight had been presented before the eyes of the eager and delighted spectators.

No wonder that Hadrian, the emperor, pleased with the novelty of the display, had sent to the master, as his reward, a cup of solid silver, shaped to the form of a galley and well filled with glittering *denarii*; and no wonder, too, that the children of the prefect lay thus, almost in reverence, at the feet of the master, drinking in his every word, and worshiping his greatness even as does the boy of to-day the mighty captain of a "baseball nine."

For then, even as now, the athletic champion or the leader of champions often seemed to receive more deference and marks of honor than poet or philosopher, senator or statesman!

"A brave display, say you? Well, little ones, perhaps it seemed so to you," said old Bulbus, smiling down into the two admiring and upturned faces. "But it was as nothing to a real sea-fight, mark you that."

"And you have been in just such real sea-fights, good Bulbus?" demanded Antonius.

"Many a time," replied the master. "When scarce your age I pulled an oar on the thalamite bench in the war-galleys of Vespasian, the emperor; and man and boy for fifty years have I lived in Roman galleys. 'T is a rare remembrance? Yes—but may the gods spare you, Little Prefect, from ever knowing a life such as mine has been."

"Nay, but tell us about it, good Bulbus," pleaded both his young listeners.

"Can I press fifty years of adventure into half that number of minutes, O insatiate ones?" laughed the master. "Nay, let me rather tell you now only of our trireme, the 'Victory'—the stanchest craft in all the war-fleets of Cæsar. Then may you gather from that some notion of a fighting-man's home on the dancing blue water of our Middle Sea."

The eyes of the children flashed their approval of this proposition, and old Bulbus went on:

"Inland-bred as you are, O children of the prefect," he said, "you must not judge of real sea-fighting from this mimic display that I did arrange for our lord, the emperor, to-day. I could tell you of war-ships that would make your eyes grow big and yet bigger with wonder. Our galleys take their names, you know, from the tiers or banks of rowers which each one holds,—the two-bank, three-bank, five-bank, eight-bank,* and so on, up to sixteen banks, and even, so I have heard, to forty banks of rowers.† But these big boats went their way long ago; smaller ones are better for close fighting and quick turning, and we call all our best fighting-ships, nowadays, triremes, whether they have three banks of rowers, or less or more. Our trireme the 'Victory' had, beneath her deck, benches for full nine-score rowers, in three tiers or banks. On the lowest bank, fifty-six rowers or *thalamites*; on the middle bank, sixty rowers or *zygites*; and on the upper bank, sixty-four rowers or *thranites*."

"And these rowers, good Bulbus, how do they live between the decks?" asked Antonius.

"Live, say you, Little Prefect? Faith, they die

oftener," replied Bulbus. "For six and twenty years did I serve as a rower, to gain my freedom and my citizenship; but, ah, how many of my comrades at the oar have I seen drop and die at their work! But there is one pride that the rower has, slave though he be. He knows that but for his labor the trireme would be of little use. Stout masts it may have, and sails and overmuch sea-gear, but none of these can help it on without the nine-score stout rowing-men that bend and pull to the measure of the pipeman's whistle."

"And were you not crowded there, good Bulbus?" Sabina, the sympathetic, inquired.

"Crowded! You say well, maiden," replied the master. "May you never know such dearth of breathing room. There was never a space for one man more, between the decks, when all the rowers were in place, cramped upon the benches, scarce three feet apart. Each bench but nine inches wide, and each man pulling a long and heavy oar,—whether one were *thalamite*, *zygite*, or *thranite*, it was weary, dreary work, little ones, such as made a man sigh for freedom and long for rest."

"But how about the fighting-men, good Bulbus?" asked Antonius, to whom the rower's toilsome life offered little attraction.

"Ah, there was less of slave work, but scarcely more of freedom, boy," the master answered; "we, who were fighting-men,—for, after my six and twenty years of service at the oar, nearly that same space did I serve as a 'marine,' or fighting-man,—were ranged along the *cancelli*, or narrow galleries above the rowers of the upper bank, and our war shields hung over the trireme's side, ready for instant service, or as a defense against darts. Look now, I will give you our trireme, the 'Victory,' ready for the sea."‡ And taking the ever-ready tablets from Sabina, the old man proceeded to sketch for the children his favorite man-o'-war.

"See," he said; "thus her bow curved upward to the figure-head. Below here, ran out the sharp and ponderous beak, bearing upon it the dolphin's head. Ah, how that beak could crash its way through the stoutest oaken sides of any hostile craft that dared withstand or could not shun the shock! Astern, as you shall see, rose the deck-house, just behind the two great oars that steered the trireme. Within this sat the captain, and here, too, the steersman moved the great steering-oars at will by means of ropes running over well-greased wheels and fastened to the great oars. Not many of the triremes are rigged with masts and sails, but our 'Victory' had three

* Bireme, trireme, quinquereme, octireme, etc.

† The *tesseiracontes*, or forty-banked vessel of Ptolemy Philopator was 420 feet long; its greatest beam was 76 feet, and its burden over 11,000 tons—as large as an ocean steamer of to-day. It had over 4000 rowers, and a total crew of 7500 men.

‡ The usual size of the trireme was 140 feet long, 18 feet breadth of beam, and 232 tons burden.

stout masts, each topped by a lookout station, and four full sails; three were square, and the hinder one was of a shifting, three-cornered cut. At the ends of each yard were the heavy grappling-irons, and there, too, hung often the ponderous dolphins' heads, which we could drop at will whenever a hostile galley ranged alongside. Sometimes, also, we reared on the 'Victory's' deck, high movable towers from which our fighting-men could send their showers of darts and arrows upon the foe; while, always, near the bows swung the heavy boarding-bridge, quickly lowered by its chains, and across which our marines would swarm to the fight upon the deck of the enemy's galley.

"So: there we are, you see, under full sail, with pennons flying and standards reared astern; our sharp beak cutting through the tossing waves; shields hung over the rail ready for instant use, and our three banks of oars pulling through the billows in quick and regular measure to the pipe-man's whistle. Ah, little ones, it was a sight to make young eyes sparkle,—aye, and old ones, too,—to look upon the 'Victory' fully manned and bounding over the sea, ready to scatter the pirates of the East or to punish the enemies of Rome."

"Oh, Bulbus, would that I might see her!" The boy's breath came fast, and his eyes kindled with enthusiasm as he followed the old sea-fighter's words, and even little Sabina showed her interest in the picture by her eager and attentive look.

"Aye, but it is a hard and cruel life, Little Prefect," said Bulbus, handing back the tablets to Sabina. "And I, who have tried it well for more than fifty years, would far rather train the gladiators in this our circus of Lyons than risk the danger and the trials of close quarters and furious tempests, hard knocks and little pay, on the best trireme the emperor has afloat. Come, let us seek your noble father, the prefect, and talk over the programme for to-morrow's games. I will turn the lake into a forest, boy, and show my Numidian fighters in a monster lion-hunt."

So Sabina and Bulbus hurried off. But young Antonius, taking the tablets from his sister, still sat studying the rude outlines of the "Victory." And, as he looked, he seemed almost to feel the sea-breeze and sniff the salt air of the Middle Sea, as he closed in fight with some hostile trireme, and dashed boldly across the lowered boarding-bridge as became a valiant sea-fighter in the navies of the Roman Empire.



BY LUCY G. MORSE.

AT Bluffanuff there are eight summer cottages and a hotel, within a stone's-throw of one another. The owners are all friends, and their young people have royal times together. There is also a ninth house, smaller and by itself, back among the pine-trees which grow all over the point.

There is nothing of which young people are more intolerant than peculiarity of dress; and because Miss Mifflin, the owner of the little cottage, wore scant, old-fashioned gowns, mitts, and a Shaker bonnet, they decided that she was a most objectionable reformer, and would lecture in the hotel dining-room on "all the missions a-going," if she were in the least encouraged.

Poor thing! she was the most timid little old

lady in the world, who performed a great many missions without saying a word to anybody about one of them. Her nephew and niece, Russell and Margaret Mifflin, called her "Aunt Phoebe"; but Ned Hooper nicknamed her "Aunt Iquity." He was such a popular fellow that he could set any fashion he pleased; and so it came about that Margaret's gowns, which were made a good deal like her aunt's, were called "Mifflin Relics," she was known as "Miss Moffit," and Russell went by the names "Patches," "Simple Simon," and "Rusty."

Margaret was sixteen, and she knew every one of those nicknames by heart. She thought they fitted remarkably well, too;—that was why she

cried about them in her favorite resting-place by the cedar bushes where Russell found her one day, and thought he made her confess everything. But she owned up only to the "Mifflin Relics," which really she did not mind a bit.

"Well now, Peggy, I call that rather complimentary," said Russell, "for it implies, at least, that they are worth preserving. So, cheer up, 'Relic,' and let me read you something,—may I? I want a 'pome' savagely criticised, and you're in just the mood."

"O Russell!" cried Margaret, springing to her feet, "wait till I get my stocking-basket, and we'll have a lovely time right here!"

She was anything but a critic, for she thought her brother's poetry perfect, and always told him so. It did no harm, though,—he suffered plenty of ridicule to balance her praise.

For the next hour, the two were in a happy little world of their own, and the cedar bushes were a paradise.

"You are *sure* to be a great poet," said Margaret, pricking her long needle through one of his stockings with eager, nervous stitches, as if she was, at that very minute, herself weaving golden fame for him. "You need n't keep saying that it never will be, for it is in you, and the world *has* got to find it out. And even without college (but I believe you'll get there, you know), you'll write such books as will make people proud of—of being your countrymen!"

"Ah no, little Peggy!" sighed Russell; "that is an impossible dream of yours. I must work for bread and butter, not for fame."

"I'm to be taken into partnership in all your bread-and-butter plans,—don't forget that," said Margaret, stoutly. "We are going to live like Tom Pinch and his sister, and have a triangular parlor. I wonder where Dickens ever saw a room of that shape? I don't know how we can get one, unless we partition an ordinary room across, 'cater-corner.' But no matter, we'll have it. You are to go to college,—you are fitted for it now, you know you are,—and you can get scholarships and things, and fellows to coach. I heard Mrs. Harding tell somebody that Brent (I think that's his name) had lots of conditions, and would have to be coached all through college. So I'm going to take care of Aunt Phoebe until you graduate with tremendous honors, and *then* we'll have the three-

cornered parlor and I shall make a beefsteak-pudding while you write poetry!"

"Yes," said Russell, looking up at her over his folded arms from the grass where he was lying, "if we begin in that way, it won't be long before you'll be taking in washing to support the family—that's the sort of thing women do. No, Meg, poetry is n't going to win either beefsteak-pudding or fame for you and me. Neither shall I ever see college. But, if I *could*—I tell you, Peggy—" Russell sat up and clenched his fist hard—"if I could go to Harvard College—well, with the education I could get there I'd be ready to fight the world."

A crackling of dry twigs close by made him stop; and both were quite still until whoever was passing by was out of hearing. Then they went back to the house.

The young people who chose to make game of Russell and Margaret and their Aunt Phoebe were not ill-natured; they were only thoughtless.

Ned Hooper, Jo Anderson, Brent Harding, and Will Burt were all going to Harvard in the fall. They had passed their examinations well—all but happy-go-lucky Brent,—and what did he care for conditions? He was "going to work 'em all off in no time!" Brent was a brilliant fellow, and could do things so easily that they never were done. He had been "going to" all his life.

Russell was the only boy in the colony who had no opportunity of going to college, and the only one whose heart ached pitifully for the privilege.

Ned Hooper had overheard his speech to Mar-



"YOU ARE SURE TO BE A GREAT POET," SAID MARGARET."

garet about going to Harvard, that morning by the cedar bushes, and had made great fun of it.

The idea of Russell's lank, ungainly figure at Harvard seemed very funny to him, and he drew a caricature of Russell crossing the college yard, while a crowd of students were looking at him through opera-glasses. Russell found it on the beach, where it had been carelessly flung away, but nobody ever knew he saw it, for he could keep

that kind of a secret as well as Margaret. Only, he avoided people rather more after that, and the boys added "Mopes" and "Moonshine" to his other nicknames.

One afternoon, Ned and his sister made up a sailing party and, under protest, invited Ned Russell and Margaret.

"Rusty won't do anything but moon, and his little brown Peggy of a sister 'll be as stupid as an oyster!" Ned growled, but his mother—it was all her doing—insisted.

Russell *did* moon at the bows, and the brown Peggy *was* as quiet as an oyster for about an hour, while they sailed in the crisp, cool air; the girls taking turns at the tiller, and imagining they were learning to steer, and all making merry with their chatter-chatter, as young folks in a boat are sure to do.

"Sing!—sing, somebody! Do!" cried irrepressible Tessa Harding. "I'm so happy, I shall die if some one does n't express it for me!"

But they were decidedly not a musical set. They started a few common airs, but nobody knew the words. In a few bars the song was sure to be spoiled, and when the "Yo, ho!" chorus of "Nancy Lee" died in a woful discord, Tessa stopped her ears and cried again, "Oh, stop! That does n't express my feelings—I'm not raging mad!"

"It's pretty bad, Tessa, we admit," said Jo Anderson; "but reflect that we did it to save your life—you said you should die, you know."

"Well, I shall yet, if you do *that* any more," she said, laughing.

"It's hopeless," said Rose Hooper; "if there was any one who could lead, there are some of us who could follow very well."

Hark! Suddenly the notes of "Nancy Lee" rang out, clear, beautiful, and true. Everybody stood or sat motionless until the verse was finished. Russell, still in the bows, had started at the first note and turned to meet the great, frightened eyes of Margaret as she looked into his face and sang.

The verse ended. She hung her head and shrank behind Mrs. Hooper's protecting shoulder. But there was a protest from everybody, and the rest of the song was demanded. So little Peggy came timidly "out of her shell," and led the singing bravely. By and by they drifted into college songs, and then the very spirit of joy seemed to possess the party.

It was a happy sail. When it was over, Captain Hull declared that he had never "seen a line of brighter, handsomer faces file along the old pier, and"—he confided to Mrs. Hooper, as he helped her to land—"it'd take a sailor with a mighty

stiff crust on, not to feel cheerfuller after being with a crowd like that!"

"There was only one sour one among 'em," he added, "and they put him up in the bows for a scarecrow, so nobody but the gulls knew he was there!"

"Never call an apple sour till you have tasted it, Captain," said Mrs. Hooper, brightly. "I heard somebody call that little nightingale who has been singing so sweetly for us, as quiet and 'stupid as an oyster'; perhaps her brother could surprise us too, if he chose."

It was no wonder the captain thought Russell was sour. Those college songs had been too much for him, and the moment the boat touched the pier he had sprung ashore and rushed hurriedly away, with his hat pulled low over his eyes.

The next afternoon the young folks were gathered on the cliff with work or sketching materials, when Jo came up, holding a little book above his head and shouting, "A prize! A prize! See what we found in the boat last night!" It was Russell's note-book, which he had dropped.

"Oh, what fun! Now we'll find out what 'Mopes's moonshine' is," cried Will Burt; and the rest, taking up the cry, demanded "moonshine" lustily.

"Oh, Rusty! Rusty! I fear this will prove an unhappy hour for you, my son!" said Jo, pretending to wipe away a tear, as he mounted an old stump.

"I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "of reading to you some rare specimens of—ahem!—poetry—written by our distinguished Harvard aspirant, Mr. Rusty Fusty Moonshine. But first I wish to offer a resolution. Miss Chairman—Nelly, you are in the chair, understand—Miss Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I move that we show the poet our appreciation of his genius by quotations which it shall be our object to make familiar to his ear——"

"Both ears—to both ears! Moved-seconded-and-carried-it-is-a-vote!" shouted Ned. "Fire away, Jo!"

"Listen, absorb and commit to memory, then!" said Jo, and with much mock solemnity he read:

"THE BELL-BUOY.

"Swing, swing, with thy ponderous tongue!
Thy bellmen are billows that long have swung
The great, iron hammer.
Blow on blow from the Bell-buoy rings,
And forth on the darkness of midnight flings
The hollow, wild clamor."

But the effect of Jo's reading was unexpected. The listeners could see nothing to ridicule in that.

"Thy bellmen are billows," repeated Rose, who had a fondness for poetry and, unknown to any one, a little note-book of her own. "That is n't bad at all. Jo, read it again, seriously, and stop your nonsense!"

Jo put his handkerchief in his pocket and read the verse once more, and, this time, pretty well. "I don't call that a bit ridiculous; I think it is pretty," said Rose.

"I say, fellows!" said Ned, "Rusty's got a champion!"

"Call me another, then; for I think it's pretty, too," said Nelly Harding, nestling, girl-fashion, up to Rose.

"Hurrah for Rusty!" cried Ned. "Look to your colors, boys. If the girls are going over to 'Simple Simon' we'll have to follow, whether or no."

"Come!" said Rose, bristling a little, "that's a name you'll have to drop anyhow. No simpleton ever wrote those lines. Let's be fair now. Begin again, and read the whole poem beautifully,—you know you can, Jo,—and, instead of trying to amuse, try to charm us with it, and we'll give our honest opinion, without a bit of humbug."

There was a general assent while Jo stepped down from his perch, threw himself on the grass, read the verse once more, and continued:

"The sailor listens; and as he hears
He springs to the tiller; — the tall ship rears,
And stands for the ocean.
And, long out of sight in the darkness gone,
He hears the strong bellmen still ringing on
With solemn motion.

"Thanks, good bell, for thy strange wild peal!
The wife, far off, and the children, kneel
And pray that the tolling
May never fail the brave father who sails,
When he feels on his breast the foam of the
gales
And hears the sea rolling."

Jo finished and said, in a tone of surprise, "I say, fellows!" and the others said also to one another: "I say!"

There was a moment of silence. Then "Rusty is n't such a fool, after all!" said Will. "Read some more."

Jo read page after page. The boys listened and were delighted. They wanted to make up for their injustice, and so, naturally, their praise grew extravagant. The result was an overwhelming triumph for Russell.

The reading ended, Jo put the book into the pocket of his boating-shirt, gave a slap on the outside, and, rising, said:

"Miss Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I withdraw the motion made by me at the opening of this session, and respectfully submit the following in its stead: '*Resolved*, That Rusty is a trump.'"

"Hear, hear! Second the motion!" cried the boys, and Ned Hooper raised his cap in the air, and cried:

"Moved and seconded that old Rusty Mifflin is a trump! Those in favor, signify by three cheers —"

The cheers interrupted him.

"Contrary-minded don't signify; it is a vote," cried Ned; "and I've got another resolution to offer — namely — '*Resolved*: That we have been rather mean scamps generally, and that we'll make it up to him, if —'" But nobody could hear any more because of the clamor of assent. After a little more talk of the same kind, the boys went to find Russell, and to return the book to him. But he was not to be found, and, after making three calls upon Margaret in the course of the evening, they decided to wait until the next day.

"It's very queer nobody ever noticed before," Ned remarked confidentially to Jo, "how well the 'Mifflin Relics' suit that little Peggy. She looks like a picture, with her bonnet off."

The next morning was cloudy, and the boys were surprised when they went in search of Russell to learn that he had gone away in his boat. If he and Margaret could have seen all that Harvard set, and heard his name repeated among them that day, the brother and sister would have been much surprised. The bantering tones had ceased, and nothing was heard excepting such questions and remarks as: "Has n't Rusty turned up yet?" and "If we had known what he was made of, we'd have invented different names," "I say, drop that, and let's call the old fellow Russell," and similar suggestions. And Brent Harding had collected his books, had a long talk with his mother, and was again "going to," this time in real earnest, if he could try it with "Rusty."

The day wore on, and the clouds grew heavier. Ned questioned the skippers, who predicted a storm before morning; but, slow to take alarm, said only, of Russell: "Oh, he's somewhere or other. He'll turn up!"

Perhaps, a week before, the boys would have thought so, too; but they were troubled now. At last they found poor Peggy at the end of the long pier, bareheaded, holding her hair back from her face, and looking anxiously over the water. When they spoke to her, she burst into tears. There was not one among them who could stand that; and in less than half an hour the "Yano," the strongest boat in the harbor, with two skippers



"AT LAST THEY FOUND POOR PEGGY AT THE END OF THE LONG PIER, BAREHEADED, AND LOOKING ANXIOUSLY OVER THE WATER."

and Ned and Jo on board, started out in search of Russell.

Dreadfully they plowed their way through the gathering mist for nearly two hours. The wind blew harder, and the white caps steadily increased. Now and then they blew a horn, and listened for some answering sound until their hearts ached.

The skippers took in reefs, and it soon became hard for them to manage the boat. They were about to go back, in the hope that Russell had returned, when Ned spied something floating on the water. Now it was hidden under a wave, now it was riding through a hollow between the caps. Again, it was sent close to the boat's side. The



"DREADFULLY THEY FLOWED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE GATHERING MIST FOR NEARLY TWO HOURS."

boys' faces paled when they caught it at last, and found it to be the oar of a boat with a colored handkerchief tied to it. "It 's the very bandanna we 've made such game of, Ned," said Jo. Ned wrung it out, and fastened it in his belt, but said not a word.

Time after time, as they tacked, the wind blew the sound of the buoy bell to their ears. "It rings wilder than ever

Every eye glared at him, and every ear was strained with listening.

"No use now," he said, "the wind makes too much racket, and it drives so. Wait for another tack." One more curve, out and back, and then they listened again, all intent for a moment or two.

"There ain't a sound in the universe except that doom-o'-judgment bell!" said Captain Hull.

"And it 's the old bell that can't beat a grain o' human sense into ye, Cephas Hull!" said Captain



THE RESCUE.

to-night!" said Captain Hull, as they steered the boat backwards and forwards, away and around again, as near as possible to the buoy.

The other skipper had not spoken since they had found the handkerchief.

"It 's no use staying here any longer,—steer away from that bell, for heaven's sake!" cried Ned at last. "It sounds like a ghastly funeral, and I can't stand it another——"

"Hark!" roared out Captain Grigg, and Ned stopped with the word on his lips. All were silent for a moment, but heard only the dash of waves, the wind, which was beginning to roar, and the bell steadily clanging its dismal notes.

"He 's right: steer away from it,—it sounds like death!" said Captain Hull, as a peal, louder than all the rest, sounded close by, and Captain Grigg veered the vessel away from the rocks, which were dangerously near.

"Death?" roared Captain Grigg. "It 's life, I tell ye! —Hark!"

Grigg. "Listen to *that*, and let the rest of the universe alone for a spell. Mark the waves dashing against that rock, and count the strokes of the bell *between* the breakers. One—two—three! four! There 's a wave! I 'll hold her near as I dare. Now, again!—one—two—three! four! five!—and there 's another! Keep it up when we come back this time. If I don't know all the tricks of that bell, I don't know the tricks of my two-year-old Benny!—and I know this: In every storm ever I was here in, two strokes to the wave is the best the old bell-buoy could do. I 've been doin' nothin' but count since we picked up that oar, and sure as we 're alive, boys, there 's a human fellow-creature that 's hammerin' for life on that bell!"

Ned and Jo, motionless and scarcely daring to breathe, listened to every word. Then Ned tore off his coat and boots.

"Steady, boy!" cried Grigg; "If you want to save that life, do as I bid ye; and if ye move a finger, either of ye, I 'll turn the vessel, and run

ye home!" The captain's voice was rough and stern, for Jo's coat and boots were off, too.

"Now," said Captain Hull more quietly, as they neared the bell again, "do you two boys blow the horn, and keep it up; for if Grigg's words are true, the sound of it 'll carry hope to ears that 'll nigh crack with listenin'."

But neither of the boys heard the last sentence for the noise Jo was making with the horn. Then every ear listened and every face broke into a wonderful gleam of joy as the answer came in quick, successive strokes from the bell. Jo sent back a deafening blast, and then came another answer,—fainter now, for they had steered away again. Half an hour they worked, until there came a loud ring almost at their ears; but the fog was so thick they could not see the buoy clearly.

"Down with the sail! Drop anchor!" shouted Grigg, and in a moment the vessel lay comparatively still.

"And now it 's my turn!" said Ned Hooper, already with a rope around his body. Nobody could control him then.

"Hold on to the other end of the rope, Jo, and when I pull it, haul us in," he said. Then Jo gave a cry, for Ned was overboard. There were

"Hold on to the boy, Cephas!" he cried. "He 'll go if ye don't, and he has n't the build of the other one. Haul, if ——" He ended in a cry, for there came a clanging from the bell.

Then they worked with a will. The horn and bell answered each other, the signal came, and all hands pulled together.

It was only a moment now before they had hold of Ned, and were lifting into the boat the unconscious form of Russell.

It was some time before Ned could speak, and the hand which held Russell's was very limp. Then he stammered: "He 's only fainted — only fainted. He spoke to me at the bell and said — he said ——"

"O Ned," cried Jo, "how you shiver! Don't try to tell us anything, dear fellow! Only swallow this ——"

But Ned put it away, and, shaking violently, gasped, "No — no! I *must* say it. He said — I asked him to, before — before I pulled the rope. He said he forgave and —— Tell the others, Jo — and ——"

But Ned sank down, throwing his arm over Russell's neck, and both were quite unconscious now.

—— It was fully three weeks afterward that the



RUSSELL AND PEGGY.

a few moments — they seemed hours — while they leaned over the vessel in suspense.

Then Grigg quickly made ready to follow Ned.

boys were all together at the cliff again; Russell in the hammock which Jo had swung for him.

"So you insist upon 'Rusty,' do you, old chap?"

said Ned. "And it is n't suggestive of anything disagreeable?"

"Not a bit, Cap'n," answered Russell, brightly. "And I'll take my affidavit to it, if it'll make you any easier. It's a great deal more spicy than 'Russell.' I like it."

"'Rusty' it is, and 'Rusty' it shall be, then," said Ned. "Only if it gets you into trouble next winter, when you're a 'Fresh' at Harvard —"

"I'm not a bit worried," said Russell; "I'll risk anything *that* brings me. And, oh!" he cried,

sitting up so suddenly in the hammock that he jostled the baby-squirrels in their nest on the limb of the tree, overhead, "it will be so grand to be there, getting a *real college education*, and to think that I owe it all to your having called me 'Rusty' in the beginning, that the sound of the name will be something like a jubilee chorus to me all my life!"

"I say, fellows," he added, dropping back in the hammock again, "don't think that's sentimental 'blow,' will you?"



It is not alone the dreadful morning bath
That fills this hieroglyphic Babe with wrath.
His complacent Brother's jeers
Start those two resentful tears,—
But behold! the Father cometh with a lath.

BOB WHITE.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

LOOK! the valleys are thick with grain
Heavy and tall;
Peaches drop in the grassy lane
By the orchard wall;
Apples, streaked with a crimson stain,
Bask in the sunshine, warm and bright:
Hark to the quail that pipes for rain —
Bob White! Bob White!
Augur of mischief, pipes for rain —
Bob White!

Men who reap on the fruitful plain
Skirting the town,
Lift their eyes to the shifting vane
As the sun goes down;
Slowly the farmer's loaded wain

Climbs the slope in the failing light,—
Bold is the voice that pipes for rain —
Bob White! Bob White!
Still from the hillside, pipes for rain —
Bob White!

Lo, a burst at the darkened pane,
Angry and loud!
Waters murmur and winds complain
To the rolling cloud;
Housed at the farm, the careless swain,
Weaving snares while the fire burns bright,
Tunes his lips to the old refrain —
Bob White! Bob White!
Oh, the sound of the blithe refrain —
Bob White!

OBSERVING LITTLE THINGS.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I READ a statement in this magazine not long ago, about the spiders' webs that cover the fields and meadows on certain mornings in the summer, which was not entirely exact. It is not quite true, in the sense in which it was uttered, that these spiders' webs are more abundant on some mornings than on others, and that they presage fair weather. Now the truth is, that during the latter half of summer these webs are about as abundant at one time as at another; but they are much more noticeable on some mornings than on others,—a heavy dew brings them to view. They are especially conspicuous after a morning of fog, such as often fills our deeper valleys for a few hours when fall approaches. They then look like little napkins spread all over the meadows; I saw fields last summer in August, when one could step from one of these dew-napkins to another, for long distances. They are little nets that catch the fog. Every thread is strung with innumerable, fine drops, like tiny beads. After an hour of sunshine the webs, apparently, are gone.

Most country people, I find, think they are due

to nothing but the moisture; others seem to think that the spiders take them in as morning advances. But they are still there, stretched above the grass at noon and at sunset, as abundant as they were at sunrise; and are then more serviceable to the spiders, because less visible. The flies and other insects, if any were stirring, would avoid them in the morning, but at midday they do not detect them so readily.

If these webs have any significance as signs of the coming weather this may be the explanation:

A heavy dew occurs under a clear, cool sky, and the night preceding a day of rain is usually a dewless night. Much dew, then, means fair weather, and a copious dew discloses the spiders' webs. It is the dew that is significant, and not the webs.

We all need to be on our guard against hasty observations and rash conclusions. Look again, and think again, before you make up your mind.

One day, while walking in the woods, I heard a sound which I was at once half persuaded to believe was the warning of a coiled rattlesnake; it was a swift, buzzing rattle, and but a few yards

from me. Cautiously approaching, I saw the head and neck of a snake. Earlier in my life I should have needed no further proof, and probably should have fled with the full conviction that I had seen and heard the dreaded rattlesnake. But as I have grown older, I have grown more wary about jumping to conclusions—even where jumping serpents are concerned. I looked again, and again, and drew nearer the rattler at each glance. Soon I saw that it was only a harmless black snake shaking his tail at me. Was he trying to imitate the rattlesnake? I only know that there he lay, with his tail swiftly vibrating in contact with a dry leaf. The leaf gave forth a loud, sharp, humming rattle. The motive or instinct that prompted the snake to do this seemed a suggestion or a prophecy of the threat of the rattlesnake. It evidently was done on account of my presence, probably as a warning note. Since then I have seen a small garter-snake do the same thing. He was found in the oat-bin. How he got there is a mystery; but there he was, and when I teased him with a stick he paused and vibrated the end of his tail so rapidly that, in contact with the oats, it gave out a sharp buzzing sound. He, also, was an incipient rattlesnake. Such facts were of great interest to Darwin, as showing marked traits of one species cropping out, casually or tentatively, in another.

In line with these is another observation which I made two summers ago, and was enabled to confirm last summer. Our bluebird is no doubt a modified thrush; that is, its ancestor in the remote past was doubtless of the thrush family. One evidence of this is the fact that the young of the bluebird has a speckled breast like the thrush; and Darwin established the principle that peculiar markings or traits confined to the youth of any species are an inheritance from early progenitors. In addition to this, I have noted in the song of the female bluebird—one of a pair that for two seasons have built near me—a distinct note of the thrush. Whenever I hear the voice of this bird it reminds me of that of a certain thrush—the olive-backed.

But I am wandering far from my subject. I set out to talk about spiders. Do you know that we have a spider called the wolf-spider, and one that well deserves the name, so fierce and savage is he? He is a webless spider, that prowls about seeking whom he may devour. I had not seen one since boyhood till the other day, when I met one in the path between the house and the study. He was so large and black, and was marching along so boldly, sustained upon his eight long legs, that he attracted my attention at once. I poked at him with the toe of my shoe, when he boldly charged me, and tried to run up my leg. This deepened my interest in him, and I bent down to him and chal-

lenged him with a lead-pencil. At first he tried to escape into the grass, but, being headed off, he faced me in an attitude of defense. He reared up like a wild animal, his forward legs in the air, his row of minute eyes glistening, and his huge fangs, with their sharp hooks, slightly parted, ready to seize me. As I teased him with the pencil, he tried to parry my thrusts with his arms, like a boxer, till he saw his opportunity, when he sprang fiercely upon the pencil, and, closing his fangs upon it, allowed himself to be lifted from the ground. When he had let go, two minute drops of moisture were visible where the fangs had touched the polished surface of the pencil. This was the poison they had secreted, and would probably make his bite very dangerous. After he had discharged his wrath and his venom in this way, once or twice, he grew reluctant to repeat the operation, just as a venomous snake does. His valor seemed to subside as his supply of venom diminished. Finally, he would not bite at all, but held up his arms or legs simply on the defensive. His fangs were two thick weapons, surmounted by two small black hooks, probably a sixteenth of an inch long. They were very formidable in appearance. The spider himself was an inch and a half in length, black and velvety; and, with his eight prominent legs all in motion, was striking to look upon. I captured him and kept him a prisoner for a few days in a box with a glass cover. We put large flies in his cage which he would not touch while we were present, but in the morning only empty shells of flies remained. Then we put in wasps, and to these he seemed to have a great antipathy. He probably knew that they also had venom, and knew how to use it. When the wasps buzzed about seeking to escape, he would shove up a wall of cotton (for there was cotton in the box) between himself and them. In the morning the wasps were always dead, but not devoured. We also put in grasshoppers, and their kicking much annoyed the spider, but he would not eat them. In one respect he showed much more wit than the insects which we placed in his cage; they labored incessantly to escape through the glass; but, after two or three attempts to get out, he made up his mind that that course was useless; he was capable of being convinced, while the flies and bees were not. But when the glass was removed and he felt himself in the open air once more, with what haste he scampered away! He fled like a liberated wolf, indeed, and struggled hard against recapture. When we gave him his freedom, for good and all, he rushed off into the grass and was soon lost to view.

Next in interest to the wolf-spider is the sand-spider, which you may have observed in the sand

upon the sea-coast. They sink deep wells into the sand, and lay in wait for their prey at the bottom. When you are upon the Jersey beach, notice these little holes in the sand among the coarse, scattered, wild grass. Insert a straw or a twig into one of them and then dig downward, following this as a guide. A foot or more below the surface you will unearth this large, gray sand-spider, and with a magnifying-glass you can see how fiercely his eight

eyes glare upon you. Try also to force a cricket into one of these holes and see how loth it will seem to go in.

One's powers of observation may be cultivated by noting all these things, and the pleasure which one gets from a walk or from a vacation in the country is thereby greatly increased. Nothing is beneath notice, and the closer we look the more we shall learn about the ways and doings of Nature.



LITTLE MOCCASIN'S RIDE ON THE THUNDER-HORSE.

BY COLONEL GUIDO ILGES.

"LITTLE MOCCASIN" was, at the time we speak of, fourteen years old, and about as mischievous a boy as could be found anywhere in the Big Horn mountains. Unlike his comrades of the same age, who had already killed buffaloes and stolen horses from the white men and the Crow Indians, with whom Moccasin's tribe, the Uncapapas, were at war, he preferred to lie under a shady tree in the summer, or around the camp-fire in winter, listening to the conversation of the old men and women, instead of going upon expeditions with the warriors and the hunters.

The Uncapapas are a very powerful and numerous tribe of the great Sioux Nation, and before Uncle Sam's soldiers captured and removed them, and before the Northern Pacific Railroad entered the territory of Montana, they occupied the beautiful valleys of the Rosebud, Big and Little Horn, Powder and Redstone rivers, all of which empty into the grand Yellowstone Valley. In those days, before the white man had set foot upon these grounds, there was plenty of game, such as buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, and bear; and, as the Uncapapas were great hunters and good shots, the camp of Indians to which Little Moccasin belonged always had plenty of meat to eat and plenty of robes and hides to sell and trade for horses and guns, for powder and ball, for sugar and coffee,

and for paint and flour. Little Moccasin showed more appetite than any other Indian in camp. In fact, he was always hungry, and used to eat at all hours, day and night. Buffalo meat he liked the best, particularly the part taken from the hump, which is so tender that it almost melts in the mouth.

When Indian boys have had a hearty dinner of good meat, they generally feel very happy and very lively. When hungry, they are sad and dull.

This was probably the reason why Little Moccasin was always so full of mischief, and always inventing tricks to play upon the other boys. He was a precocious and observing youngster, full of quaint and original ideas — never at a loss for expedients.

But he was once made to feel very sorry for having played a trick, and I must tell my young readers how it happened.

"Running Antelope," one of the great warriors and the most noted orator of the tribe, had returned from a hunt, and Mrs. Antelope was frying for him a nice buffalo steak — about as large as two big fists — over the coals. Little Moccasin, who lived in the next street of tents, smelled the feast, and concluded that he would have some of it. In the darkness of the night he slowly and carefully crawled toward the spot, where Mistress

Antelope sat holding in one hand a long stick, at the end of which the steak was frying. Little Moccasin watched her closely, and, seeing that she frequently placed her other hand upon the ground beside her and leaned upon it for support, he soon formed a plan for making her drop the steak.

He had once or twice in his life seen a pin, but he had never owned one, and he could not have known what use is sometimes made of them by bad white boys. He had noticed, however, that some of the leaves of the larger varieties of the prickly-pear cactus-plant are covered with many thorns, as long and as sharp as an ordinary pin.

So when Mrs. Antelope again sat down and looked at the meat to see if it was done, he slyly placed half-a-dozen of the cactus leaves upon the very spot of ground upon which Mrs. Antelope had before rested her left hand.

Then the young mischief crawled noiselessly into the shade and waited for his opportunity, which came immediately.

When the unsuspecting Mrs. Antelope again leaned upon the ground, and felt the sharp points of the cactus leaves, she uttered a scream, and dropped from her other hand the stick and the steak, thinking only of relief from the sharp pain.

Then, on the instant, the young rascal seized the stick and tried to run away with it. But Running Antelope caught him by his long hair, and gave him a severe whipping, declaring that he was a good-for-nothing boy, and calling him a "coffee-cooler" and a "squaw."

The other boys, hearing the rumpus, came running up to see the fun, and they laughed and danced over poor Little Moccasin's distress. Often afterwards they called him "coffee-cooler"; which meant that he was cowardly and faint-hearted, and that he preferred staying in camp around the fire, drinking coffee, to taking part in the manly sports of hunting and stealing expeditions.

The night after the whipping, Little Moccasin could not sleep. The disgrace of the whipping and the name applied to him were too much for his vanity. He even lost his appetite, and refused some very nice prairie-dog stew which his mother offered him.

He was thinking of something else. He must do something brave — perform some great deed which no other Indian had ever performed — in order to remove this stain upon his character.

But what should it be? Should he go out alone and kill a bear? He had never fired a gun, and was afraid that the bear might eat him. Should he attack the Crow camp single-handed? No, no — not he; they would catch him and scalp him alive.

All night long he was thinking and planning;

but when daylight came, he had reached no conclusion. He must wait for the Great Spirit to give him some ideas.

During the following day he refused all food and kept drawing his belt tighter and tighter around his waist every hour, till, by evening, he had reached the last notch. This method of appeasing the pangs of hunger, adopted by the Indians when they have nothing to eat, is said to be very effective.

In a week's time Little Moccasin had grown almost as thin as a bean-pole, but no inspiration had yet revealed what he could do to redeem himself.

About this time a roving band of Cheyennes, who had been down to the mouth of the Little Missouri, and beyond, entered the camp upon a friendly visit. Feasting and dancing were kept up day and night, in honor of the guests; but Little Moccasin lay hidden in the woods nearly all the time.

During the night of the second day of their stay, he quietly stole to the rear of the great council-tepee, to listen to the pow-wow then going on. Perhaps he would there learn some words of wisdom which would give him an idea how to carry out his great undertaking.

After "Black Catfish," the great Cheyenne warrior, had related in the flowery language of his tribe some reminiscences of his many fights and brave deeds, "Strong Heart" spoke. Then there was silence for many minutes, during which the pipe of peace made the rounds, each warrior taking two or three puffs, blowing the smoke through the nose, pointing toward heaven and then handing the pipe to his left-hand neighbor.

"Strong Heart," "Crazy Dog," "Bow-String," "Dog-Fox," and "Smooth Elkhorn" spoke of the country they had just passed through.

Then again the pipe of peace was handed round, amid profound silence.

"Black Pipe," who was bent and withered with the wear and exposure of seventy-nine winters, and who trembled like some leafless tree shaken by the wind, but who was sound in mind and memory, then told the Uncapapas, for the first time, of the approach of a great number of white men, who were measuring the ground with long chains, and who were being followed by "Thundering Horses," and "Houses on Wheels." (He was referring to the surveying parties of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, who were just then at work on the crossing of the Little Missouri.)

With heart beating wildly, Little Moccasin listened to this strange story and then retired to his own blankets in his father's tepee.

Now he had found the opportunity he so long had sought! He would go across the mountains, all

by himself, look at the thundering horses and the houses on wheels. He then would know more than any one in the tribe, and return to the camp,—a hero!

At early morn, having provided himself with a bow and a quiver full of arrows, without informing any one of his plan he stole out of camp, and, running at full speed, crossed the nearest mountain to the East.

Allowing himself little time for rest, pushing forward by day and night, and after fording many of the smaller mountain-streams, on the evening of the third day of his travel he came upon what he believed to be a well-traveled road. But—how strange!—there were two endless iron rails lying side by side upon the ground. Such a curious sight he had never beheld. There were also large poles, with glass caps, and connected by wire, standing along the roadside. What could all this mean?

Poor Little Moccasin's brain became so bewildered that he hardly noticed the approach of a freight-train drawn by the "Thundering Horse."

There was a shrill, long-drawn whistle, and immense clouds of black smoke; and the Thundering Horse was sniffing and snorting at a great rate, emitting from its nostrils large streams of steaming vapor. Besides all this, the earth, in the neighborhood of where Little Moccasin stood, shook and trembled as if in great fear; and to him the terrible noises the horse made were perfectly appalling.

Gradually the snorts, and the puffing, and the terrible noise lessened, until, all at once, they entirely ceased. The train had come to a stand-still at a watering tank, where the Thundering Horse was given its drink.

The rear car, or "House on Wheels," as old Black Pipe had called it, stood in close proximity to Little Moccasin,—who, in his bewilderment and fright at the sight of these strange moving houses, had been unable to move a step.

But as no harm had come to him from the terrible monster, Moccasin's heart, which had sunk down to the region of his toes, began to rise again; and the curiosity inherent in every Indian boy mastered fear.

He moved up, and down, and around the great House on Wheels; then he touched it in many places, first with the tip-end of one finger, and finally with both hands. If he could only detach a small piece from the house to take back to camp with him as a trophy and as a proof of his daring achievement! But it was too solid, and all made of heavy wood and iron.

At the rear end of the train there was a ladder, which the now brave Little Moccasin ascended

with the quickness of a squirrel to see what there was on top.

It was gradually growing dark, and suddenly he saw (as he really believed) the full moon approaching him. He did not know that it was the headlight of a locomotive coming from the opposite direction.

Absorbed in this new and glorious sight, he did not notice the starting of his own car, until it was too late, for, while the car moved, he dared not let go his hold upon the brake-wheel.

There he was, being carried with lightning speed into a far-off, unknown country, over bridges, by the sides of deep ravines, and along the slopes of steep mountains.

But the Thundering Horse never tired nor grew thirsty again during the entire night.

At last, soon after the break of day, there came the same shrill whistle which had frightened him so much on the previous day; and, soon after, the train stopped at Miles City.

But, unfortunately for our little hero, there were a great many white people in sight; and he was compelled to lie flat upon the roof of his car, in order to escape notice. He had heard so much of the cruelty of the white men that he dared not trust himself among them.

Soon they started again, and Little Moccasin was compelled to proceed on his involuntary journey, which took him away from home and into unknown dangers.

At noon, the cars stopped on the open prairie to let Thundering Horse drink again. Quickly, and without being detected by any of the trainmen, he dropped to the ground from his high and perilous position. Then the train left him—all alone in an unknown country.

Alone? Not exactly; for, within a few minutes, half-a-dozen Crow Indians, mounted on swift ponies, are by his side, and are lashing him with whips and lassoes.

He has fallen into the hands of the deadliest enemies of his tribe, and has been recognized by the cut of his hair and the shape of his moccasins.

When they tired of their sport in beating poor Little Moccasin so cruelly, they dismounted and tied his hands behind his back.

Then they sat down upon the ground to have a smoke and to deliberate about the treatment of the captive.

During the very severe whipping, and while they were tying his hands, though it gave him great pain, Little Moccasin never uttered a groan. Indian-like, he had made up his mind to "die game," and not to give his enemies the satisfaction of gloating over his sufferings. This, as will be seen, saved his life.

The leader of the Crows, "Iron Bull," was in favor of burning the hated Uncapapa at a stake, then and there; but "Spotted Eagle," "Blind Owl," and "Hungry Wolf" called attention to the youth and bravery of the captive, who had endured the lashing without any sign of fear. Then the two other Crows took the same view. This decided poor Moccasin's fate; and he understood it all, although he did not speak the Crow language, for he was a great sign-talker, and had watched them very closely during their council.

Blind Owl, who seemed the most kind-hearted of the party, lifted the boy upon his pony, Blind Owl himself getting up in front, and they rode at full speed westward to their large encampment, where they arrived after sunset.

Little Moccasin was then relieved of his bonds, which had benumbed his hands during the long ride, and a large dish of boiled meat was given to him. This, in his famished condition, he relished very much. An old squaw, one of the wives of Blind Owl, and a Sioux captive, took pity on him, and gave him a warm place with plenty of blankets in her own *tepee*, where he enjoyed a good rest.

During his stay with the Crows, Little Moccasin was made to do the work, which usually falls to the lot of the squaws; and which was imposed upon him as a punishment upon a brave enemy, designed to break his proud spirit. He was treated as a slave, made to haul wood and draw water, do the cooking, and clean game. Many of the Crow boys wanted to kill him, but his foster-mother, "Old Looking-Glass," protected him; and, besides, they feared that the soldiers of Fort Custer might hear of it, if he was killed, and punish them.

Many weeks thus passed, and the poor little captive grew more despondent and weaker in body every day. Often his foster-mother would talk to him in his own language, and tell him to be of good cheer; but he was terribly homesick and longed to get back to the mountains on the Rosebud, to tell the story of his daring and become the hero which he had started out to be.

One night, after everybody had gone to sleep in camp, and the fires had gone out, Old Looking-Glass, who had seemed to be soundly sleeping, approached his bed and gently touched his face. Looking up, he saw that she held a forefinger pressed against her lips, intimating that he must keep silence, and that she was beckoning him to go outside.

There she soon joined him; then, putting her arm around his neck, she hastened out of the camp and across the nearest hills.

When they had gone about five miles away from camp, they came upon a pretty little mouse-

colored pony, which Old Looking-Glass had hidden there for Little Moccasin on the previous day.

She made him mount the pony, which she called "Blue Wing," and bade him fly toward the rising sun, where he would find white people who would protect and take care of him.

Old Looking-Glass then kissed Little Moccasin upon both cheeks and the forehead, while the tears ran down her wrinkled face; she also folded her hands upon her breast and, looking up to the heavens, said a prayer, in which she asked the Great Spirit to protect and save the poor boy in his flight.

After she had whispered some indistinct words into the ear of Blue Wing (who seemed to understand her, for he nodded his head approvingly), she bade Little Moccasin be off, and advised him not to rest this side of the white man's settlement, as the Crows would soon discover his absence, and would follow him on their fleetest ponies.

"But Blue Wing will save you! He can outrun them all!"

These were her parting words, as he galloped away.

In a short time the sun rose over the nearest hill, and Little Moccasin then knew that he was going in the right direction. He felt very happy to be free again, although sorry to leave behind his kind-hearted foster-mother, Looking-Glass. He made up his mind that after a few years, when he had grown big and become a warrior, he would go and capture her from the hated Crows and take her to his own *tepee*.

He was so happy in this thought that he had not noticed how swiftly time passed, and that already the sun stood over his head; neither had he urged Blue Wing to run his swiftest; but that good little animal kept up a steady dog-trot, without, as yet, showing the least sign of being tired.

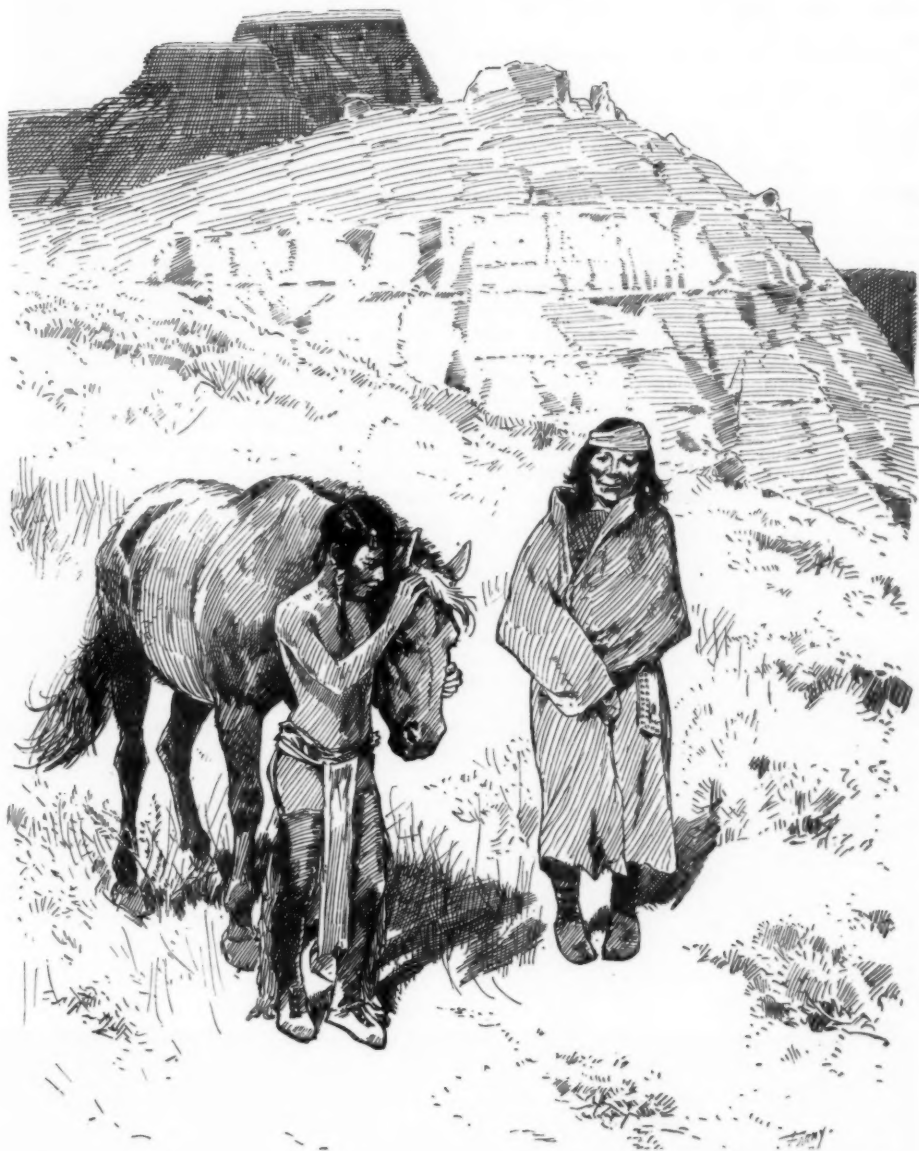
But what was the sudden noise which was heard behind him? Quickly he turned his head, and, to his horror, he beheld about fifty mounted Crows coming toward him at a run, and swinging in their hands guns, pistols, clubs and knives!

His old enemy, Iron Bull, was in advance, and under his right arm he carried a long lance, with which he intended to spear Little Moccasin, as a cruel boy spears a bug with a pin.

Moccasin's heart stood still for a moment with fear; he knew that this time they would surely kill him if caught. He seemed to have lost all power of action.

Nearer and nearer came Iron Bull, shouting at the top of his voice.

But Blue Wing now seemed to understand the danger of Moccasin's situation; he pricked up his ears, snorted a few times, made several short



"WHEN THEY HAD GONE ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM CAMP, THEY CAME UPON A PRETTY LITTLE MOUSE-COLORED PONY."

jumps, to fully arouse Moccasin, who remained paralyzed with fear, and then, like a bird, fairly flew over the prairie, as if his little hoofs were not touching the ground.

Little Moccasin, too, was now awakened to his

peril, and he patted and encouraged Blue Wing; while, from time to time, he looked back over his shoulder to watch the approach of Iron Bull.

Thus they went, on and on; over ditches and streams, rocks and hills, through gulches and

valleys. Blue Wing was doing nobly, but the pace could not last forever.

Iron Bull was now only about five hundred yards behind and gaining on him.

Little Moccasin felt the cold sweat pouring down his face. He had no fire-arm, or he would have stopped to shoot at Iron Bull.

Blue Wing's whole body seemed to tremble beneath his young rider, as if the pony was making a last desperate effort, before giving up from exhaustion.

Unfortunately, Little Moccasin did not know how to pray, or he might have found some comfort and help thereby; but in those moments, when a terrible death was so near to him, he did the next best thing: he thought of his mother and his father, of his little sisters and brothers, and also of Looking-Glass, his kind old foster-mother.

Then he felt better and was imbued with fresh courage. He again looked back, gave one loud, defiant yell at Iron Bull, and then went out of sight over some high ground.

Ki-yi-yi-yi! There is the railroad station just in front, only about three hundred yards away. He sees white men around the buildings, who will protect him.

At this moment Blue Wing utters one deep groan, stumbles, and falls to the ground. Fortunately, though, Little Moccasin has received no hurt. He jumps up, and runs toward the station as fast as his weary legs can carry him.

At this very moment Iron Bull with several of his braves came in sight again, and, realizing the helpless condition of the boy, they all gave a shout of joy, thinking that in a few minutes they would capture and kill him.

But their shouting had been heard by some of

the white men, who at once concluded to protect the boy, if he deserved aid.

Little Moccasin and Iron Bull reached the door of the station-building at nearly the same moment; but the former had time enough to dart inside and hide under the table of the telegraph operator.

When Iron Bull and several other Crows rushed in to pull the boy from underneath the table, the operator quickly took from the table-drawer a revolver, and with it drove the murderous Crows from the premises.

Then the boy had to tell his story, and he was believed. All took pity upon his forlorn condition, and his brave flight made them his friends.

In the evening Blue Wing came up to where Little Moccasin was resting and awaiting the arrival of the next train, which was to take him back to his own home.

Little Moccasin threw his arms affectionately around Blue Wing's neck, vowing that they never would part again in life.

Then they both were put aboard a lightning express train, which took them to within a short distance of the old camp on the Rosebud.

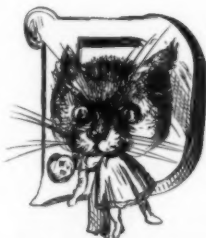
When Little Moccasin arrived at his father's *tepee*, riding beautiful Blue Wing, now rested and frisky, the whole camp flocked around him; and when he told them of his great daring, of his capture and his escape, Running Antelope, the big warrior of the Uncapapas and the most noted orator of the tribe, proclaimed him a true hero, and then and there begged his pardon for having called him a "coffee-cooler." In the evening Little Moccasin was honored by a great feast, and the name of "Rushing Lightning," *Wakee-wata-keepsee*, was bestowed upon him—and by that name he is known to this day.



A YOUNG AGASSIZ.

THE DEAR DOLLS.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.



DOLLS! So far as I have been able to discover, there 's not a girl, from the snow huts of the North Pole to the leaf tents of the Equator,—north, south, east, or west, who has not some sort of a doll.

I doubt if there ever lived a girl in that desolate condition, for a bit of rolled-up rag or a corn-cob, a long-necked squash or a stick of wood, is easily imagined to be all that the little owner desires, and is often far more tenderly loved and cherished than the finest French wax-doll in the world. A poppy blossom or a hollyhock makes a charming doll; and I have seen a lovely one made and dressed from the tender inside husks of green-corn.

Even Laura Bridgman, born deaf and dumb and blind, who was as far as possible removed from ordinary girl-life,—even she had her doll, with a ribbon over its eyes (as though blind), and she amused herself with it, acting her own sad life as happier girls do theirs: playing it was ill and must have medicine and hot-water bottles at its feet; and insisting that the doctor should visit it, and feel its pulse.

In civilized life dolls' fashions change with the rest of the world. For a long time they have enjoyed complete outfits of clothes, jewelry, and "belongings," like their mistresses; they have been able to sit down and to stand up; to move their eyes and turn their heads, to walk, and to say "Papa" and "Mamma." If Edison is a prophet (and considering what he has done, we're afraid to say he is not), we shall have before long little doll-prodigies who can tell stories and sing songs. Then, I dare say, the Sugar-Coated-Useful-Knowledge Society will manufacture small monsters able to teach grammar and arithmetic.

When that comes to pass, I fear dolls will go out of fashion; for these learned personages can never be the dear playmates, the sympathizing sharers of youthful griefs, that simpler creatures (who can't do a thing except lie flat on the back and stare) have been for ages.

Cosette, in Victor Hugo's story, made a doll out of a lead sword only a few inches long. She

loved it and was happy, till a pitying but unwise traveler gave her a really splendid doll. The neglected girl was very thankful, of course, and profoundly admired the grand dame; but she stood in awe of her, and "felt as uncomfortable as she would if some one had suddenly said, 'Little girl, you are Queen of France.'"

Among the wild Indians of our own country is surely the last place one would look for toys, and travelers have said they had none; but a closer look brings some to light. On the desk before me sit two dear creatures, just arrived from Da-



DOLLS FROM DAKOTA TERRITORY.

kota Territory. They were made by some loving mother of the *Gros Ventre* tribe of Indians. But the unfortunate little redskin girl for whom they were intended never received them after all, for they were bought by a white man, and sent to New York to sit for their picture for you.

They are a queer-looking pair, dressed in the most elegant *Gros Ventre* style. They are eighteen inches tall, made of cloth, with their noses sewed on, and their faces well colored; not only made red, like the skin, but with painted features. The Indian doll has a gentle expression, with mild eyes, but the squaw has a wild look, as though she were very much scared to find herself in a white man's "tepee." Both have long hair in a braid over each ear, but the brave has also a quantity hanging down his back, and a crest standing up on top—perhaps as "scalp-lock."

The dress of the lady resembles, in style and material, a bathing-suit. It is of blue flannel, trimmed with red braid, a long blouse and leggings of the same. She has also moccasins, and a string of blue beads around her neck, besides little dots of beads all over her waist. The suit of the warrior is similar in style, but the blouse is of unbleached muslin, daubed with streaks of red paint, and trimmed with braid, also red. Across his breast he wears an elaborate ornament of white beads, gorgeous to behold.

Beside these *Gros Ventre* dolls stands another pair, from a Canada tribe; the squaw dragging a six-inch-long toboggan loaded with tent and poles, while the warrior carries his snow-shoes. She is dressed in red and black flannel, with calico blouse and cloth hood; tin bracelets are on her arms, and her breast bears an ornament like a dinner-plate, also of tin. Her lord and master wears a dandyish suit of white canton-flannel, fuzzy side out, a calico shirt, red necktie, and likewise a hood and tin dinner-plate. They are made of wood, with joints at hip and shoulder, and the faces are carved and painted. Wild dolls are curious and interesting. Let me tell you of a few others I have seen.

The little Moquis girls have wooden dolls of different sizes and degrees. The best have arms and legs, are dressed in one garment of coarse cotton, and instead of hair have feathers sticking out of their heads, like the ends of a feather duster.

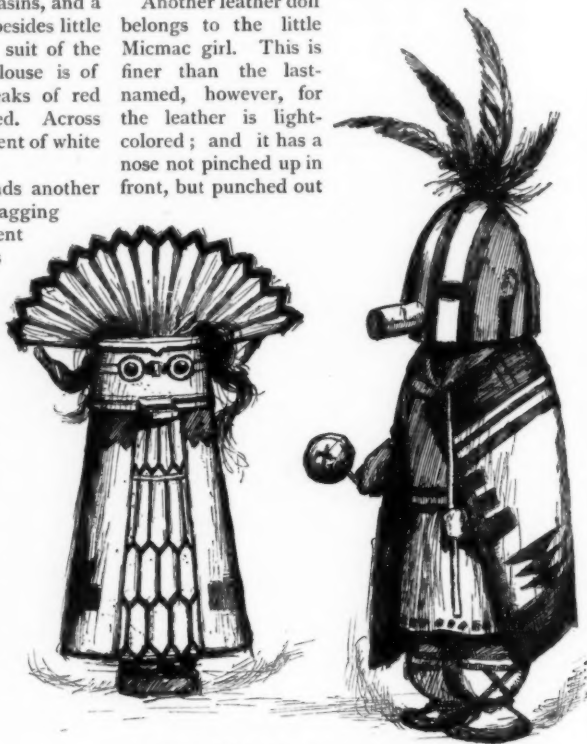
A lower grade of Moquis doll has no limbs, but is gayly painted in stripes, and wears beads as big as its fist would be, if it had one. This looks as you would with a string of oranges around your neck. The poorest of all, which has evidently been loved by some poor little Indian girl, has in place of a head a sprig of evergreen. How did the white man get hold of a treasure like this? Is the little owner grown up? Is she laid to sleep under

the daisies? Or was this doll left behind in a hurried flight of the Moquis village before an enemy?

It is n't an Edison doll; it can't talk,—so we shall never know.

The Sitka girls have dolls of leather; black, greasy-looking creatures, I regret to say, with beads for eyes and mouth, and dresses of fur. They have also a poorer doll, of clay, with the nose formed, when the clay was soft, by the summary process of a good pinch in the face; and a lavish display of beads made by small punches in the same soft material. The dress of these Sitka babies is simple,—a piece of coarse Indian cloth wound around the body and tied on with a rag.

Another leather doll belongs to the little Micmac girl. This is finer than the last-named, however, for the leather is light-colored; and it has a nose not pinched up in front, but punched out



INDIAN DOLLS FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

from behind, and held in shape by something hard. It has black beads for eyes, and mouth and eyebrows of black paint. In dress it is quite grand; moccasins, leggings, and calico gown, with a liberal amount of bead trimming and necklaces. The small Sioux maiden also has a doll of leather, black, and with beads for eyes and mouth.

A *Nes Percé* girl has contributed to us—whether willingly or not—her dear doll in its cradle of

basket-work. It is a rag-baby about eight inches long, and as tightly tied into the cradle as the poor little *Nes Percé* girl herself was tied into hers. Many a long, happy journey has this eight-inch papoose taken, slung over the back of its loving mamma; many a swing has it enjoyed, hanging from a bush; and many a greasy dinner has it shared with its little owner,—at least, so one must judge from its looks.

The dusky damsel of Alaska has an ivory doll. It is carved from walrus tusk, any length from one to six inches, with nose carved, and eyes, eyebrows, and mouth of black enamel. Even the inch-long baby has features carefully made. She has also a doll of wood, six or eight inches long, with its face carved and a curious ornament just below the corners of the mouth. This is a blue bead, and is in imitation of the fashion of her tribe, of making in the lower lip an opening like a button-hole, through which any desired ornament may be thrust. None of the Alaska dolls have joints, but this unnatural stiffness has apparently not been altogether satisfactory to the small damsels, for some are carved in a sitting posture.

The most humble doll is simply a stick with a head carved on the end. But the most elaborate of all the Indian dolls I have seen belongs also to Alaska. It is carved from dark-colored wood, with mouth open, showing three white teeth, and it has real hair, in locks six inches long, stuck into holes in the wooden head, with the drollest "patchy" effect.

After reading about these wild creatures, listen to an interesting story of the tragic fate of a highly civilized doll which belonged to a little girl called Jeanie Welsh. It was, no doubt, an old-fashioned object, for more than seventy years have passed since the tragedy happened, but little Jeanie was very fond of it.

She was also fond of study, especially of Latin, and when she reached the age of nine years, and began to read Virgil, there came a crisis in her affairs which you must read in her own words:

"It had been intimated to me by one whose wishes were law, that a young lady in Virgil should, for consistency's sake, drop her doll. So the doll, being judged, must be made an end of, and I quickly decided how. She should end as Dido ended, that doll!—as the doll of a young lady in Virgil should end! With her dresses, which were many and sumptuous, her four-posted bed, a fagot or two of cedar *allumettes*, a few sticks of cinnamon, a few cloves, and a nutmeg, I constructed her funeral pyre; and the new Dido having placed herself in the bed, with help, spoke through my lips the last sad words of Dido the First, which I had then all by heart as pat as A,

B, C. The doll, having thus spoken, kindled the pile, and stabbed herself with a penknife by way of a Tyrian sword. Then, however, in the moment of seeing my poor doll blaze up,—for being stuffed with bran, she took fire and it was all over in no time,—in that supreme moment, my affection for her blazed up also, and I shrieked, and would have saved her and could not, and went on shrieking till everybody within hearing flew to me and bore me off in a plunge of tears."

This same little girl grew up and became the wife of Thomas Carlyle, and this pathetic little incident is to be found in his *Life*, by Froude—the last place one would look for a doll story.

[The Editor is tempted to supplement Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's interesting article with brief accounts of another Indian doll and two old-fashioned dolls, which have been faithfully pictured by the pencils of ST. NICHOLAS artists.]

ANOTHER INDIAN DOLL.

BY L. A. HIGGINS.



"BONITA."

"BONITA" is about a foot tall, and is dressed in the best style the wigwam could supply. She has

real skin, and real hair,—real buckskin, and real horse-hair, if I must confess it! Charming pink cheeks on her very yellow face; expressive bead eyes, and a very unique little group of beads that does service for both nose and mouth surprisingly well. Two black beads, placed in a line between two white ones, form each of the cleverly made eyes. Her raven hair is plaited in eighth-of-an-inch braids, and tied behind with a tiny buckskin ribbop. Not to be sparing of her charms, she has also two graceful braids falling in front of her shoulders.

If Bonita had stayed in her wigwam home, she probably might have had two or three dresses, put on outside of this one—to refresh her soiled toilet, after the manner of her tribe. But we think her quite fresh enough in this gorgeous red-flannel dress, bound with yellow calico! She has square sleeves that quite envelop her spare arms, and marvelous square side-breadths that dip lower than the rest. She wears six strands of milk-white beads about her throat, and others dotted over her dress yoke. An indescribable pendant of tin bangles is suspended from her buckskin belt, which is also trimmed in tin ornaments. Excelling all else in deft workmanship are her wonderful little moccasins. An Indian Goody Two-Shoes might have worn them, so soft and pliable are they. They are exquisitely embroidered in blue and red floss, and have tiny silk binding, sewed with invisible stitches. Perhaps her little mistress imagined her a dusky Cinderella, home from the ball, crouching before the ashes of the camp-fire. Alas! when the clock struck twelve, her elegant mouse-tooth necklace and doe-skin dress vanished as she evaded the Indian Prince!

TWO OLD-FASHIONED DOLLS.

HERE is, also, an engraving of two interesting and quaint old dolls which were made by other than Indian hands, and for other than little Indian children to play with.

One of them, as you see, is a boy-doll. He is made of wood, and has joints at the elbows, the thighs, and the knees. The features of the face are painted. He wears a coat cut in the style of

sixty years ago, and the coat and trousers both are of black silk. The vest is short-waisted, and made of some white material. An old-fashioned "stock" and shirt-collar add a touch of elegance



to the little gentleman's costume. The hat is quite remarkable for a boy-doll. It is made upon a frame, which is covered with drab-colored muslin, and around the crown is tied a band of green ribbon, with an edging of pearl color. There is no doubt that it was in its day a very fitting hat for a gentleman puppet; but a self-respecting boy-doll of the present would regard it with scorn, and would prefer to go bare-headed if he could not be provided with a hat of a more modern fashion.

The lady-doll's hat, too, is a triumph of doll millinery. It is of a style similar to the "Gainsborough" hat, and the crown and the flaring wide brim, upon which is placed a large rosette, are covered with white silk brocade. It is held on by ribbons which are tied under the doll's chin. The dress, with its short waist and long sleeves, is made of white silk, and the whole costume appears

to be that of a doll-bride of long ago. The lady-doll's face is painted, like that of her companion, and even now the faces are rosy and fresh-looking notwithstanding the fact that the dolls have passed through the hands of three generations of children. For the lady to whom they belong, Mrs. L. D. Bradish, of Fredonia, New York, has told their history briefly in a letter, in which she says:

"In June, 1827, my brother graduated from Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., and when he came home he brought these dolls to my sister and myself. They were dressed by a young lady, a friend of his.

"I am often asked how I have kept these dolls so long. The answer is: This house has been our family home since my father built it, in 1812. Three generations of children have found shelter under its roof, and amused themselves with these midgets. My friends tell me that, under these circumstances, they are not surprised that I wish to preserve the little tatterdemalions."

THE RHYME OF THE GOWNS.





BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

"A stands for anchor, that hangs at our bows,
Yo, ho, blow the man down!"

"MIND the sheet, Tom; we shall have all the blow we want without singing for it, before we reach Little River. You and Harry had better sail her while I go forward on the lookout. With this tide, some of the rocks will barely be covered, and there must be quite a sea running into the mouth of the river. Christopher Columbus! what *is* that? — Hard a-port, Hal! Quick, let out sheet, Tom! Be lively!"

The excited and peremptory tone of the orders urged prompt obedience, and like a thing of life the little boat swung suddenly around before the wind, and the next moment plunged, bows on, into the first wave.

"Boys, did you see that?"

None too quickly had Harry and Tom obeyed Dick's commands.

"See it? Well, I should say I did. And we came near *feeling* it, too!" answered Tom.

"Well, if that big black thing is a rock it has lost its anchorage and gone adrift. I never saw a rock floating about in that style, though. What is it, anyway?" asked Harry.

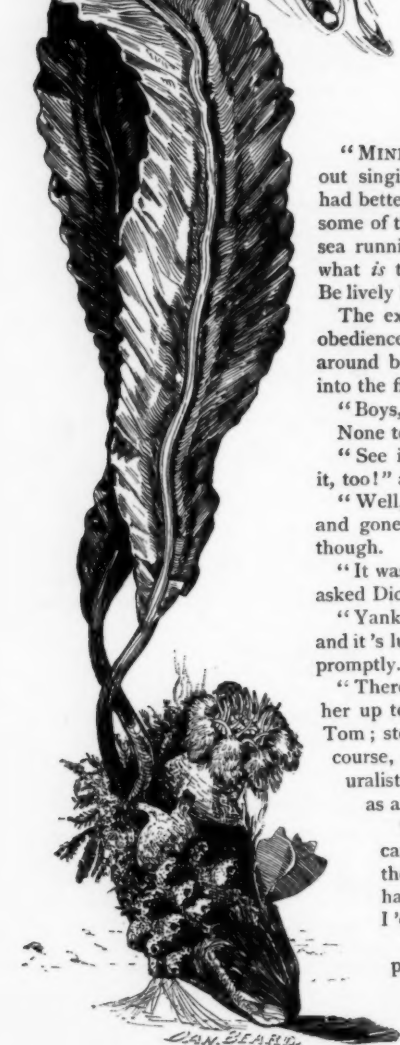
"It was about the size of a *whale*, I should say, was n't it, Tom?" asked Dick.

"Yankeedom has sharpened you, Dick. It certainly was a whale; and it's lucky for all of us, and for the boat, too, that you shouted so promptly."

"There he blows!" cried Dick, pointing off the port bow. "Bring her up to the wind; he's out of our course. Haul in the sheet, Tom; stea-a-dy there, steady! So! That will do; we will risk this course, professor; for, though we don't claim to be scientific naturalists, I assume that whales do not eat cat-boats, crew and all, as a regular diet."

"I don't know about that, Dick," said Harry; "when I caught sight of that floating island coming at us, mouth on, the thought of Jonah's journey whizzed through my mind. I had almost decided that if I had to be drowned or swallowed, I'd risk drowning as the lesser evil."

"Well, I would, too," said Tom, with a smile. "As a professional naturalist, I would remark that the huge fellow on our port bow seemed to be in a playful mood, and I was thinking how, with one frisky flop of his graceful tail, he could have made kindling wood and assorted



tooth-picks out of the 'Nomad,' and never known it, bless his innocent heart!"

"The whale makes a flail of the end of his tail,
Yo, ho, blow the man down!
While the shark on a lark makes the dogfishes bark,
Oh, give us more time to blow the man down."

"Joking aside," said Harry, stopping his song, "we've had rather a narrow escape, boys, from ending our adventures by a trip to 'Davy Jones's Locker!'"

For the next few minutes the slap and splash of the waves were the only sounds heard aboard the famous cat-boat "Nomad";* but the three hearty lads who formed its crew were too full of healthy life, in mind and body, to waste time or thought over past dangers. Dick removed his thinking cap, and said:

"I say, fellows, this wind is veering around to an off-shore breeze that will flatten out these white-caps. What do you say to a sail out to Pumpkin Rock?"

"Good!" was Tom's ready response.

"Pumpkin Rock it is," assented Harry. "But—I'd like to get that whale off my mind; and before I can do it, I suppose I shall have to confess one of two things: either I was so frightened that I could not see straight, or else I saw that whale swimming upside down. Laugh as you please, Dick, but——"

"Don't apologize," interrupted Dick; "I was only chuckling to hear you speak my piece. You said just what I was going to say,—but I did n't like to show my ignorance."

"Well," continued Harry, "I think he was upside down, because I plainly saw his wicked little eye, and it was just above the water, close down by the corner of that cavern of a mouth, while his big chin was high in the air. All right, Tom, you can laugh, too; but you can't laugh me out of what I myself saw; and I say it again,—his chin *was* up and his eyes were down, 'which the same I am free to maintain.'"

"That was n't his chin," laughed Tom; "that was his bonnet."

"Spin away on your yarn, professor; but what sort of millinery is a whale's bonnet?" And as he spoke, Dick, rolling up an overcoat, made a cushion, and placed himself in a comfortable attitude for listening.

"Well," continued Tom, "what you thought was his chin, high in the air, was a sort of protuberance on the end of his upper jaw; the sailors call it his 'bonnet.' Our departed friend was a black whale, I think; there is a skeleton of one in the Museum of Natural History at Central Park, New York. I'm not much of an artist, but

if Dick will take hold of the sheet, I will take your sketching-block and try to draw you an outline."

After some labor, Tom exhibited three outline drawings.†

"There, if you can make them out, are three views of the black whale: a top view, a side view, and a front view. You fellows need not feel ashamed of your ignorance, for I venture to say there is not one landsman in a hundred who knows how a whale looks, or could tell which side goes up and which side goes down; and still fewer know the difference between a right-whale and——"

"Oh, drown your whales for a while, Tom. Here's Pumpkin Rock dead-ahead, and we will have enough to do to make a safe landing," interrupted Dick, unceremoniously.

"All right, Captain Dick," said Tom, good-naturedly. "If that whale is now off Harry's mind, as he expressed it, I'll pick up Pumpkin Rock; but it is not within reach yet."

"I'm thinking," and Harry continued his thinking aloud, "that if we reach that rock *too* suddenly, it's the crew of the 'Nomad' that will have to be picked up. I fail to see any possible landing-places. What an immense, odd, round boulder it is! It does n't look much like a pumpkin, though, does it? It looks like an advance scout for the army of islands behind it, that form the State of Maine's skirmish line in her battle with the sea."

"Quite poetic; only make them the rear-guard instead of the skirmishers, for I think geologists say that this part of the coast is in full retreat from old Neptune's repeated assaults, and that these islands are the stragglers cut off from the Maine body," answered Tom, who was a punster.

"All right, Tom; I accept your amendment. Old Pumpkin rock is all the braver, to stand out alone, and in the face of an advancing and victorious foe. Oh, my! Look at the gulls!"

Thousands of these birds circled, wheeled, and screamed above them, as the boys carefully worked their little craft around in the lee of the apparently inaccessible rock, at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for a possible landing-place.

"We can't fetch it on this tack," said Dick. "Take another tack, and bring her in as easy as you know how; this is no boat-house float, and the unexpected too frequently happens in this style of landing——"

"I say, Dick, it's a lucky thing that you are no false prophet, for if that off-shore breeze had not done its work and smoothed out the wrinkles of the sea, we could never have landed here with dry skins," said Harry.

"That's so," assented Tom. "Even with a smooth sea and favorable breeze, any fellow who goes ashore here risks a ducking; and I think, if

* See "One Day on a Desert Island," ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1882, and "Tom, Dick, and Harry in Florida," ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1883. † See tail-piece, page 784.



"'I NEVER SAW A ROCK FLOATING ABOUT IN THAT STYLE, THOUGH. WHAT IS IT, ANYWAY?' ASKED HARRY."

it were not so dangerous a locality for boats, there would n't be a single bird left on the rock. Those that were not shot, trapped, and slaughtered for millinery shops would have emigrated to more inaccessible lands."

The smooth rollers of a quiet sea washed to and fro among the long streamers and ribbons of seaweed which festooned and covered the rocks below high-water mark, as the graceful little sail-boat, with rattling of rigging and rustling of canvas folded away her one white sail, and then nosed her way gently among the sunken rocks to the only accessible landing-place, while thousands upon thousands of the beautiful tern fluttered and swarmed overhead.

Harry remained aboard, declaring he could not miss the chance of studying so novel and beautiful a "decorative theme." So Tom and Dick left him there rocked by the gentle swaying of the boat and soothed by the lullaby of a summer sea. He lay flat on his back, gazing up at the myriads of slender-winged, graceful birds that fretted the deep luminous blue of the sky with a moving net-

work pattern of silver and gray. While Harry was thus dreaming over this symphony of color, form, and sound, Tom and Dick clambered to the top of Pumpkin Rock.

Dick was a true sportsman, and could exult over a big bag of legitimate game as only a hunter can. He possessed the cool head and steady nerve necessary to the slayer of dangerous wild beasts; but he was no "pot-hunter," and never killed for the sake of slaughter. So when, at Tom's repeated request, he finally discharged one barrel and brought down three poor little tern, he felt very much as though he had done something of which he ought to be ashamed.

After the two boys had admired the pretty gray and white birds, with delicate little pink legs and feet and rose-colored bills, Tom commenced his scientific research by examining the contents of the birds' craws. Dick watched him. Tom opened the first bird, ascertained what it had eaten for its dinner, and with an amused smile gazed curiously all over the top of the rocky island; then he picked up the second bird, and, after examining its craw

carefully, once more gazed around and over the top of the barren rock with such a puzzled expression that Dick asked:

"Well, old fellow, what's up? What have you found?"

In response, Tom hastily took the third bird from Dick's hand, opened the craw, and, spreading the contents over the palm of his hand, held it out to Dick and asked, "What do you call that?"

"Well," said Dick, leisurely, "I am not sufficiently familiar with 'bug-ology' to give you Latin names, but any country school-boy could tell you that you have there a badly mused-up mess of hornets."

"Just so," said Professor Tom, "hornets; and not a sign of anything but hornets. The other two were exactly the same. Now, Dick, just look up there; there must be thousands of birds, and if each craw is filled with hornets——"

"Yes-s, I begin to see," broke in Dick. "You are wondering how many swarms of hornets it takes for one Pumpkin Rock breakfast, and where the birds get them. This seems to be about the barrenest old place we have found yet, now that we are out of sight of the boat, and surrounded by the sea in all directions. I declare I feel almost shipwrecked and lonesome.

With that last bird every living thing left this briny old rock—Oh, jingo! Tom, where did it come from?"

While Dick was speaking, Tom had suddenly stepped forward a few paces, dropped his hat over something on the rock surface, and, picking it up, he handed Dick a young tern that pecked at him viciously.

When Tom had explained how the young birds, being just the color of the rock, would, when lying

perfectly motionless, escape the eyes of any person who did not know their ways even though he were looking for them, Dick forgot his "shipwrecked lonesomeness" and went on a young tern hunt. To his surprise he found tern everywhere, lying flat and perfectly still on the smooth rocky surface, or half hidden under shallow shelves and ledges.



TOM AND DICK AMONG THE SEA-BIRDS.

Tom strolled away to explore a patch of tall rank grass growing in a hollow of the big rock.

"Now, Tom, if you and Dick have finished your yarns about land snails, and hornets and things ten miles out at sea, and if you can leave those baby birds for a minute, I have an experience to relate."

The "Nomad" was speeding along at race-horse gait over a sparkling sea, homeward bound from Pumpkin Rock, when Harry said this, and his

speech was received with shouts of laughter from his companions, who declared that Hal had been found fast asleep when they came aboard.

"All right, Tom," said Dick; "just keep her off a little; we will go outside of Fisherman's Island. That's it; now then, let us have 'Prince Hal's Adventures in the Land of Nod.'"



"One moment, boys. Before I say a word of what I have to tell, you must agree to take it all on trust, as I took *your* big stories; and if it sounds rather Munchausenish, why, just say nothing. It's no matter what you *think*." Tom and Dick solemnly made the promise, and Harry began:

"After you had been gone for five or ten minutes, and the cloud of sea-gulls had flown higher into the sky, gradually everything became still around me except the 'swish, swish' of the lazy waves. The silence made me lonesome. I listened, expecting to hear you fellows talk, laugh, shout, or whistle, but not a sound could I hear,—only the quiet 'swish, swish' of the smooth waves. It usually would have made me sleepy, but somehow the stillness seemed so spread out that it made me nervous instead. I began to think that perhaps you fellows had fallen into some deep hole, stumbled over a precipice, or had slipped into the sea and been drowned. I had been lying down; I sat upright and listened. Just then I heard a sudden splash and gurgle, as though something or somebody was overboard; I was nervous, and it startled me for an instant. Then I leaned over the gunwale, expecting to see some of our traps sink-

ing. I looked down through the transparent green water; the sea-weeds streamed and waved over the white pebbles at the bottom, and I saw a few cunners poisoning themselves under a ledge of rock. In the shadow of that immense Pumpkin Rock I could see under water nearly as plainly as above it; nothing had fallen overboard, or I should have seen it. While gazing on this submarine view, suddenly there swam out from under the boat, and darted swiftly across the clear space, disappearing behind some rocks—a—
a—form—"

"A what?" asked Tom and Dick in a breath.

"You may well ask what," continued Harry; "I said, a *form*. I could not see very clearly, but it was not a fish, although it had a sort of fish's tail. Its motions were quick, but it was more graceful than any fish. The body seemed glossy and silken. You know it is hard to judge of size under water, but I think it must have been four feet long. I only saw it a moment as it swam around some rocks at the stern of our boat, and I did not get a good look at its head, but in passing round a rock, I saw it, very plainly, *put out its arm* and push the sea-weeds aside."

"Arm?" shouted both his listeners. "Oh! here now! Take back the arm that thou gavest us," added Dick, appealingly.

"I was watching the spot where it had disappeared," continued Harry, paying not the

slightest attention to the interruption, "in hope that it might come back, when suddenly it seemed to me that somebody was looking at me. I *felt* the look, just as I used to feel old Professor Hall's spectacles at the Academy, when I knew he was staring at me, although my back was toward him. Well, I felt a pair of eyes watching me. I slowly turned my head, and there under the bows was the most beautiful, gentle, gazelle-like pair of black eyes, looking right at me. But just at that instant, bang! went Dick's gun. I was so startled that I nearly fell overboard; the beautiful eyes disappeared like a flash, and the same silky, wavy form shot swiftly out of sight. That was the last I saw of her. I leave you fellows to conclude anything



SKETCHES OF CAMP LIFE. (SEE PAGE 781.)

you please. I have told you exactly what I saw, and I will add only that I believe many things we laugh at and call sailors' superstitions may be possible."

Harry related his "experience" with so solemn a face and manner that his "chums" forgot to chaff him; but, after a few moments of silent reflection, Dick said, abruptly:

"Tom, unless Prince Hal was dreaming and had a nightmare, he did see something. What do you think it was?"

"Well," responded Tom, "I have my suspicions, although I am not quite sure; but I am positive that I know what he *thinks* he saw. Did you notice that the 'it' he began with, became a 'her' as he concluded? Just take a peep at his sketches when he attempts to work out the 'decorative theme' he staid aboard to study, and see if he does not introduce a Mermaid!"

It was a beat to windward against the tide; but in due course of time the "Nomad" passed the rock-guarded opening, and brought up safely at a most romantic spot on the mainland, where the boys had made their camp.

It was Harry's turn to be cook; so Tom and Dick, though hungry and tired, attended to lowering the sail, and making everything taut and snug aboard, while Harry busied himself with cleaning and skinning a mess of cunners from the fish-box (which the boys kept stored with fish and submerged in the water conveniently near their camp). After the fish were duly prepared, the fire started, and a frying-pan nicely greased with fat bacon, what was the amateur cook's surprise, as he turned to pick up the fish to put in the pan, to see the last fish he had cleaned disappearing over the rocky side of his camp-fire stove, as if alive! Hurriedly seizing it, he discovered who had hold of the other end, and followed the thief so swiftly and closely that he cornered him; and then and there, with his kitchen-knife, Harry soon put an end to Mr. Mink and his depredations.

When Tom and Dick came to dinner, their nostrils were regaled with a savory smell which made their mouths water.

"My!" exclaimed Dick, "how strange those cunners smell."

"Yes," said Tom; "but there's no fish-smell about them. Say, Harry, what is it?"

"You know very well that we had nothing but the cunners to cook," grinned Harry.

"A four-legged cunner this one was," said Dick, gazing suspiciously at the dish held out for his inspection. "I don't think I like cunners with teeth, like that."

"Well," said Harry, "every man to his taste;

that fellow swallowed our cunners, so I skinned and cooked him. I believe he's what you call a mink."

"A mink! Eat mink! Never heard of such a thing," exclaimed Tom and Dick.

"Nor I," assented Harry, with a smile. "But in Delaware they eat musk-rat, and I thought, so long as we had —"

"All right, Harry," interrupted Tom; "anything that tastes good, and is not poison, is fit for food; so here goes for a fore-shoulder of mink-venison." So saying, he carved himself a leg and commenced eating; he failed, however, either to help himself, or to ask to be helped, to any more mink; and both Harry and Tom developed a sudden and phenomenal liking for bacon and crackers.

"Ow-ow! Whew! Ki-yi!" shouted Tom, Dick, and Harry, as they came dashing back to "Cove Camp" one morning, after a dip in the chilly seawater.

"I'd like to hold a thermometer here, to see if the mercury would n't burst through the bottom of the bulb," said Dick.

"Well, ice-water is warm compared to this," said Harry, rubbing his ears, slapping his hands, and jumping up and down as he talked. "I don't believe any human being could live ten minutes in water so cold as that; and I, for one, shall take no risks of going overboard while the 'Nomad' cruises in these waters."

"It *does* seem as if we had taken one bound from the Gulfstream into the middle of an Arctic current! But does n't this icy bath and bracing breeze give a fellow an appetite? 'Nature abhors a vacuum,'" laughed Tom, "and I feel as empty as a church on a week-day."

Before long breakfast was ready, and it would have made an epicure envious to see the boys eat. When the keen edge of their appetites was dulled, Dick, leaning back and leisurely sipping a second cup of Hal's famous coffee:

"Say, fellows, now what do you think of my scheme — the Maine coast for this summer's vacation?"

"It suits me, Dick," responded Tom; "everything is new to me and so entirely different. I don't know that I have made any absolutely new discoveries, but I have secured some rather rare specimens for my collection, and — see here, you know the high rocks on the point beyond Grimes's? Well, on top of those rocks, where you'd think that the fiercest storm could scarcely dash the spray, I found some beautiful natural aquariums, one some twenty feet long, and other smaller ones; there must be very furious storms here to keep

those shallow rock-hollows so well supplied with water that they don't dry up."

"How do you know they don't? There was n't anything alive in them?" queried Harry.

"Most certainly there was," answered Tom, "that is why I called them aquariums. I found some of the most beautiful anemones that I have ever seen. Whole schools of mackerel pin-minnows swam and skipped around the pond; and besides numerous beautiful sea-weeds and plants, there are many specimens of what Dick calls 'animal vegetation.' By the way, Harry, when we were sailing past that point, you pointed out a lot of crows walking around on those rocks, and wondered what they were up to; well, I found any quantity of sea-urchins in my aquariums, and perhaps those crows were after the urchins, for I found plenty of broken shells also,—which looked as though Mr. Crow had dropped them from a height, cracked their skulls, and devoured the unfortunate lodgers."

"Prince Hal has not had a chance to put in his vote yet. What do you think of the Maine scheme, Hal?"

"Dick, old fellow," said Harry enthusiastically, "it was an inspiration. You have heard me speak of the pretty bits of meadow views along Long Island shore—do you want to know what I think of them now?"

"Yes," said Dick, "I do like to hear a fellow speak his piece, when he is in earnest and knows what he is talking about, and you are a good stump-speaker, Hal, so I say, 'Hear, hear!'"

"Well," continued Harry, with his ardor a little cooled by Dick's remarks, "I did use to make speeches about those broad, flat tracts of bottomless, treeless, jelly-like mud-meadows, fringed to the seaward by long monotonous stretches of barren, sandy beaches, but then —" and here Harry began, as Dick said, to be "in earnest"; his eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed, as rising from his seat, he emphasized his speech with appropriate gestures, and continued: "I had never imagined the wild, reckless grandeur of such a place as this—where the huge storm-waves roll in from the ocean and crash into white atoms of spray and foam against the—a—the—ragged irregularity of the shattered rocks that line this shore; where even the forest pines and vegetation catch the—a—daring spirit and audaciously venture to the very edge of the sea. Why, the other day I plucked a blushing wild-rose from a bush growing in the—a—the cleft of a huge rock which fairly overhung the waves."

"Hear, hear! Bravo!" cried Dick, clapping his hands, "I begin to like this coast of Maine, myself."

Indeed, it was a gala season for Tom, Dick, and Harry, and they thoroughly enjoyed every hour of the time.

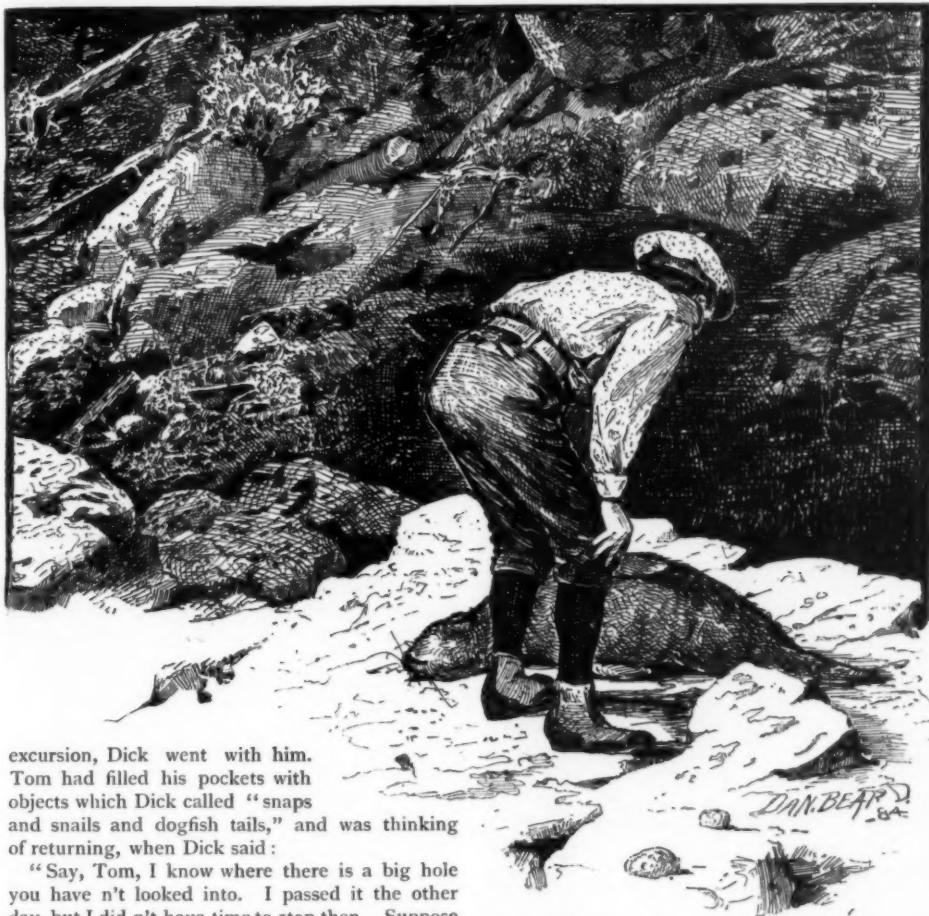
Dick's adventurous spirit kept the pennant of the "Nomad" flying, and the little boat darted back and forth from the shelter of "Cove Camp" like some new marine creature going forth in search of food and scurrying back to its cove for safety. He made friends of the captains and crews of the mackerel-fleet which was hovering about in their neighborhood; he became acquainted with all the old fishermen, heard all their best stories, and furnished game enough to keep the larder stored.

Harry found so much material for sketches that he said he wasted most of his time in trying to decide what was best worth sketching.

Tom was always finding something interesting and new, and he loved to tell his comrades the curious facts about the objects and animals that he found. At low tide he was busy poking around and under the slippery rocks, seeking curious shell-fish and marine plants. He made many discoveries and found many curious things, but in all their adventures neither he nor Dick ever had an experience to relate that would approach Harry's—the "form" which put out "her" arm to push aside the sea-weeds. This incident bothered Dick considerably; but when he mentioned it to Tom, that wise naturalist would only wink one eye and say he had an idea. What it was he would not tell; and Harry looked so solemn when the matter was mentioned, that the others, for fear of offending him by incredulity, let the subject drop.

One very quiet day Harry was perched on a high mass of rocks, sketching; he was trying to catch the hazy, lazy effect of the mackerel-fleet, idly drifting with the tide and melting away in the distance, where the sea joined the sky without a seam or sign of horizon. Drowsily sunning their sails, the fleet of graceful boats doubled their beauty on the mirroring surface of a smooth, calm sea. Harry's attention was gradually drawn from the shimmering scene to a certain hum of voices coming apparently from somewhere below his feet. He stopped work and listened. From his high perch he could see all around him. Nothing alive was in sight, and no sign of life nearer than the distant mackerel schooners. He walked to the edge of the rock and looked over. It was low tide, and the black and green slippery boulders seemed to hide nothing but a stray crab or lobster in their seaweed tresses. Harry was puzzled; he returned to where he had been sitting; even more plainly than before, he heard the hum of conversation.

The day was very calm, and there was no wind for sailing; so, when Tom started on his low-tide



excursion, Dick went with him. Tom had filled his pockets with objects which Dick called "snaps and snails and dogfish tails," and was thinking of returning, when Dick said:

"Say, Tom, I know where there is a big hole you have n't looked into. I passed it the other day, but I did n't have time to stop then. Suppose we investigate it?"

Tom was only too glad to go, so Dick led the way around the face of a huge pile of rocks. Here the boys found an opening to a cave, so situated that it could not be seen from inshore, and although dry at low tide, at high tide the water must have filled the opening entirely. Stepping inside, Dick and Tom found themselves in a circular chamber hollowed out of the solid rock. It was six or more feet high, and as many wide; the walls were hung with drapery of sea-weed, all studded and decorated with starfish and sea-urchins, hanging and lodged where the tide had left them. The floor was fairly carpeted with the stars and prickly balls.

"Well, I never should have imagined that there was such a cave as this, under these solid

"DON'T YOU SEE, DICK, IT'S A FORM. SOME ONE HAS SLAIN POOR HARRY'S MERMAID." (SEE PAGE 784.)

rocks. What immense sea-monster ever hollowed out such a gloomy retreat?" Dick asked; adding with a slight shudder: "Bah! what an uncomfortable place to be caught in by an incoming tide."

"Yes, I think it *would* be uncomfortable. I never did appreciate this diving down under rocks and coming up in submarine grottoes, that we read about so often," replied Tom.

"But what made it? How do you account for it, Tom? It seems to be so regular and round."

"Yes, it is. I have read of such places. They are supposed to have been made by some large fragment of rock which, becoming loosened, moves back and forth by the action of waves and tides. Its edges wear off more and more, and all

the time it grinds the sides of the rocks wherever it touches, until it wears a round hole for itself; and gradually, after no one knows how many ages, it is worn small enough to be washed out at the mouth of the hole it has made."

"The mills of the gods grind slowly," said Dick. "Let's get out of here. It's a dark and uncanny place, at best." The two boys looked at each other curiously, when they heard the last of Dick's words repeated plainly, "Best!" They were not frightened, but thought it strange that so small a chamber should have an echo. To test it, Dick called out, "Who?"

"You!" immediately responded the echo, faintly, but very plainly; and before they could try again the same faint, clear voice spoke: "Daring mortals, flee this rock; 't is sacred to the Mermaid flock."



"DICK LED THE WAY AROUND THE FACE OF A HUGE PILE OF ROCKS."

The boys were wonder-struck for a moment, and then began a hurried search, feeling around the sides for an opening under the sea-weeds. Tom, who had been examining the roof, suddenly made a dive for the entrance, and scrambled out. Dick, after glancing up, climbed after Tom. Clambering over the moist boulders, around the pile of rocks, and up on shore, he found Tom standing alone.

"Did n't you catch him?" asked Dick.

"No, but here 's the hole he talked through," and Tom pointed to a crevice in the rock, which very evidently opened into the submarine cave.

"Yes, and see,—he has left his card so that we should know him," said Dick as he picked up a small tube marked "Burnt Sienna."

"I was thinking," said Tom, looking up, "that, with a high tide, some of the biggest waves must jam into this cave with an awful force, and then this hole —"

"That 's so!" interrupted Dick. "I see your idea. This must be one of those famous spouting rocks."



DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ACTION OF A SPOUTING ROCK.

The first time there is a high tide and a heavy surf we must be sure to come again and see it spout."

When Harry heard the voices below him, he soon discovered the crevice, and, lying down, he could hear the talk of his two companions.

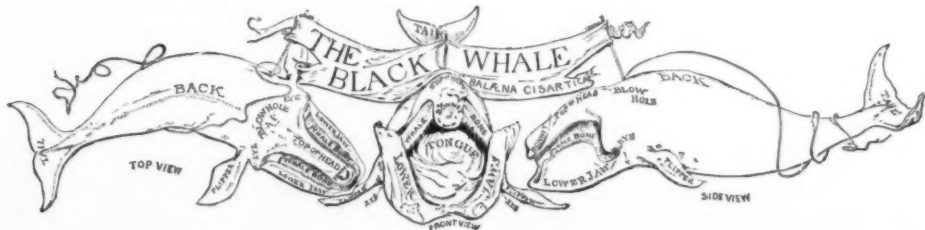
After trying to frighten them he hastily retreated, and, hiding behind a tree, awaited the result.

While Dick was exploring the crevice, Tom sauntered on, and soon shouted, "Hi! Dick, come here! I've found it at last! Come here!"

Harry came, too; for Tom was standing on a ledge of rock below him, and he looked down from his hiding-place as Dick came running up.

"Found what?" he asked; then, as Tom straightened up from an object he was poking, Dick added, "Oh, you've found a dead seal, have you?"

"No," said Tom, solemnly; "no, Dick. Poor Prince Hal! Don't you see, Dick, it's a 'form.' Some one has slain poor Harry's Mermaid!"



RAMABAI.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

YOU are used, girls and boys, to your school-rooms and black-boards, to your satchels and books, your slates and pencils. Maybe you think it hard, sometimes, that you have problems to solve, boundaries to learn, and sentences to parse. But how would it seem to you to be awakened from a sound sleep, every morning before daylight, to learn a lesson in Sanskrit, that ancient and most difficult language, familiar to but few, and those, usually, eminent scholars? To learn Sanskrit is a greater task than to learn Greek, and a much greater task than to learn Latin.

This is what a little Hindu girl named Ramabai had to do. She was awakened every morning before the day dawned, for her Sanskrit lesson; this being the only time her mother could spare from household cares to teach her little daughter.

Their dwelling was on the mountains, in a forest clearing, and there were wild animals in the jungles all about them. The first night that Ramabai's young mother spent in that solitude, before they had any house at all, she lay upon the ground, wrapped in a cotton quilt, trembling with terror; meanwhile her husband watched until daybreak, keeping off a great tiger which prowled about them uttering hideous cries. After their home was built, the husband, who was a Brahman priest, and also a very wise and good man, taught his young wife Sanskrit, because he loved the poems written in that language, and wished her to enjoy them with him. So, when Ramabai was six or seven years of age, her mother, in turn, taught her little daughter Sanskrit, from her own lips, without any book. We are told that "The little maiden, heavy with sleep, was tenderly lifted from her bed upon the earth, and aroused with many endearments and sweet mother-words; and then, while the birds in the forest about them were chirping their morning songs, the lessons were repeated."

The father's dwelling-place in the mountains came to be regarded as sacred by the people, and students and pilgrims sought out the learned priest. His hospitality and religious duties involved him in debt; and by the time Ramabai was nine years old, his property was so diminished that the family were obliged to give up their home, and to wander about from one locality to another, as pilgrims themselves. So we have to think of Ramabai, not



RAMABAI. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.)

only as the child student of Sanskrit, but as a little pilgrim girl, roaming up and down the earth, from the time she was nine until she was sixteen—homeless and often in want.

Ramabai afterward became known as a Sanskrit scholar and lecturer. She married a graduate of the Calcutta University, but in less than two years was a widow with a little daughter of her own, named Manorama, meaning Heart's Joy.

Her love of education was so great that she then went to England and entered the college at Cheltenham, where she became Professor of Sanskrit, and at the same time studied mathematics, natural science, and English literature.

In 1886, she came to our own country, and at the time of this writing, she is still here.

She has a lofty purpose. It is that Hindu girls shall be educated—fully, amply educated; and that with their studies they shall also learn to be teachers, governesses, nurses, and housekeepers.

The girls of India have lived under a cloud of ignorance, and in bonds of caste and custom which, it has seemed, no hand could break. But Ramabai, who learned her lessons in the forest among the singing birds, has found her way into light and liberty, and will never rest content until she has thrown open the doors so that her Hindu sisters may follow her.

SHADOW-PANTOMIMES.

BY HERMAN H. BIRNEY.



YOUNG persons often wish to give an entertainment which shall be interesting, without involving too much labor in its preparation. Shadow-pantomimes, of which ST. NICHOLAS already has told you something,* answer this purpose admirably.

There are no speaking parts to be learned, and any boys and girls can do the required acting. As for objects of scenery and striking points of costume, these can be cut out of cardboard, newspaper, or anything that will cast a shadow; indeed, all the characters, costumes, and surroundings are shown only by their shadows. These are

cast upon large translucent screens, or, better still, upon a sheet so suspended as to divide the actors from the spectators.

A double doorway between rooms affords an excellent place for this screen, which should be stretched across as smoothly as possible. If the sheet be wrung out of water before being stretched, it will dry smooth and tight. Where the space requires it, two or more sheets may be stitched together to form the screen.

Next in importance is the light, which may be anything from a magic lantern down to a tallow

* See "The Modern and Mediæval Ballad of Mary Jane," by Henry Baldwin, a shadow-play, with directions, ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. IV., p. 202.

candle. One person should be delegated to manage this light behind the screen, and another the lights in front of it, for the spectators' room must be darkened during the performance.

The best way to "drop the curtain" is to obscure the light behind the screen, and at the same time to turn up the light in the spectators' room.

The light which is to cast the shadows should be at such height and distance behind the screen as will bring the shadows of the actors into the proper places, and make them of the desired size. The actors should try to keep as close to the screen and as much in profile as possible; and care should be taken that their arms, and any objects held in their hands, such as pasteboard weapons, canes, baskets, *et cetera*, cast distinct, characteristic shadows.

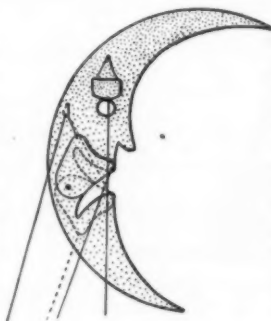
Let us take one performance in detail. Almost any dramatic poem, song, or story may be chosen for shadow-pantomime. It should be clearly sung or recited while the actors perform their dumb-show. I shall give you the well-known tragic story, "The Ballad of the Oysterman," written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. This has been found easy to represent, and proved to be a decided success.

While the words are being very distinctly sung or spoken, the actors do their shadow-parts to the best of their ability. The illustrations given with the ballad show some of the more striking situations, but the gestures will be found to add very greatly to their effect. In this, as in all other amusing performances, liveliness of action must be tempered by moderation, and the acting must be in perfect keeping with the story to be represented.

The effect of river-banks may be given by tables, one on each side of the stage, covered with any thick cloth. Irregularities in the contour of the shores are readily made by various objects placed on the tables under the cloth and near the screen, so as not to interfere with the actors when they are obliged to stand on the tables. Water is well represented by mosquito netting—the sort without cross-bars—or coarse tarlatan, reaching from table to table, a few inches behind the screen. If held at the upper corners by hidden assistants, and very gently waved or shaken, the effect is improved.

If it be desired to present the "tragedy" after the most approved style, the water is best arranged as follows: Suppose the screen, on which the shadows are thrown, to be stretched across a wide

doorway. Small screw-pointed hooks should be screwed about six inches apart into the edge of

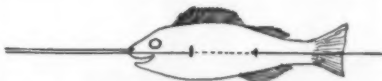


the door-jamb; two on each side, at the height intended for the water-level in the first part of the performance; and two more on each side at the water-level for the last verse. A triangular block of wood should now be hung by screw-eyes to these hooks, as shown in the illustration, the base

of the block resting solidly against the wall, its apex projecting. Wires should be run from the corners of this block to a similar piece on the opposite side of the doorway. Now, the edge of a broad piece of plain mosquito netting should be sewed or threaded along the lower wire, and the rest of the netting thrown over the upper wire from behind forward, and allowed to fall to the floor, thus forming a slanting double layer of netting above, and a perpendicular single layer below. This arrangement gives, in shadow, the effect of a perspective view of the surface of the water, and a perpendicular section beneath the surface. It also makes it easy to change quickly the depth of the water for the final scene, by simply raising the blocks from the lower to the upper hooks.

The fish, and other properties cut from pasteboard, may be stationary or movable, as preferred. If fish are to swim, they may be pulled along on strings or fine thread-wire.

The moon is cut from pasteboard, and suspended by strong thread from above the door. The expression of the face can be changed when desired by a simple pivoted card, provided with threads for moving it up and down. The eye may be made to wink—the "eyelid" being held up by a weak rubber-band, which replaces it after a "wink."



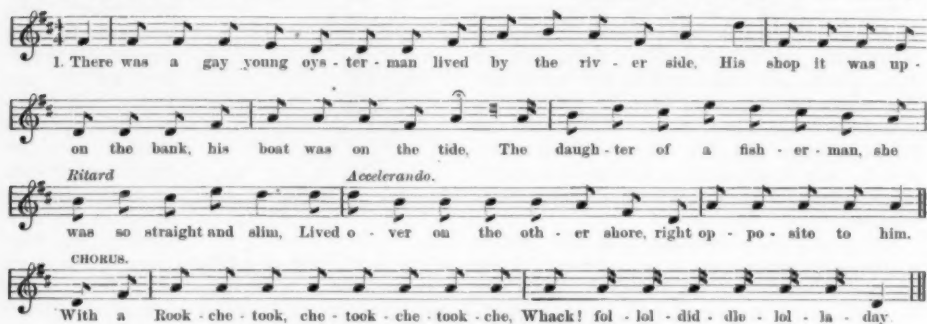
As the first line of the fourth verse is read, the oysterman should leap away from the screen at an angle, so that his shadow is not seen to cross the river. If the doorway be narrow, the table on which the oysterman stood should now be pulled to one side, and the other table be brought further out to give more room to those who act upon it.

Before the last verse, there is a necessary intermission of a few minutes in order that the scenery may be changed. For this last scene everything should be in perfect readiness to be put in place the moment the "curtain is dropped" in the manner previously suggested.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.*

WORDS BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(ARRANGED FOR PANTOMIME BY H. H. BIRNEY.)



I.



THERE was a gay young oysterman
lived by the river side,
His shop it was upon the bank, his
boat was on the tide,

III.



It was the pensive oysterman, who saw the lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade ;

II.



The daughter of a fisherman, she was so
straight and slim,
Lived over on the other shore, right opposite
to him. (Chorus.)

IV.



He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to
say,
"I'm all alone, young oysterman, for daddy's gone
away." (Chorus.)

* The words of this ballad are printed by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The music is used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co., owners of the copyright.

V.



Then spake the gallant oysterman, and to him-
self said he,
"I guess I'll leave the boat at home, for fear the
folks might see ;

VIII.



And there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as
soft as rain,

VI.



I've read it in the story-books, that for to kiss
his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim
this here." *(Chorus.)*

IX.



But they have heard her father's steps, and in he
leaps again. *(Chorus.)*

VII.



Then he has leaped into the flood, and swum the
shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the
moonlight gleam,

X.



Out spake the ancient fisherman, "Now, what
was that, my daughter?"
" 'T was nothing but a pebble, Pa, I threw into the
water."

XI.



"And what is that, pray tell me now, that paddles off so fast?"

"'T is nothing but a porpoise, Pa, that's been a-swimming past."

(Chorus.)

XII.



Then spake the ancient fisherman,— "Go, bring me my harpoon!

I'll jump into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."

Down fell that lovely innocent, as falls the snow-white lamb,

Her hair dropped 'round her pallid cheeks like sea-weed 'round a clam.

(Chorus.)

XIII.



Alas, for those two loving ones, she waked not from her swoond,

And he was taken with the cramp, and in the stream was drowned;

But Fate has metamorphosed them in pity of their woe,

And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

(Chorus.)

[ON the opposite page we present a few pictures that will serve as good suggestions for scenes in shadow-pantomime. They represent several varieties of shadow-pictures from the simple silhouette of the little boy wearing the hat and boots, and carrying the cane of his father, to the more elaborate picture of the hunter and the rabbits. Although this last scene appears to be a difficult one to represent, it may in reality be prepared quite easily if

one will exercise a little patience, care, and ingenuity. For the trees, the low shrubs, the fence, and the rabbits may be cut from stiff brown paper, and the rabbits may also be made to jump and to disappear by an arrangement of threads and rubber bands similar to those shown by Mr. Birney for the management of the moon and the fish in the pantomime described in the foregoing pages.—ED.]





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AH, these are happy dog-days, my children,—when every breath of coolness is so much pleasanter than it possibly could be in winter, and when people who have nothing else of importance to say can exclaim, "Ah, how dreadfully close—how exceedingly warm!"

These expressions always seem to me especially melting. For I'm a sympathetic Jack, and one can not help feeling sorry for those who persist in being too warm in summer and too cold in winter. Now you shall hear about

FLOWERS THAT BLOW THEIR OWN TRUMPETS.

THE deacon has remarked more than once that boys and girls never should blow their own trumpets. This strikes me as strange. Why they should borrow other folks' trumpets, when they have trumpets of their own, I cannot quite understand. But the deacon knows best. On the same principle, I suppose, somebody has told the grown folks never to use their own umbrellas if they can get borrowed ones. Now it's different with mushrooms; they hoist their own always, and do it very neatly and deliberately, I've noticed. And then, the flowers. How often you see *them* blowing their own trumpets! Silently, too; I suppose that is out of respect to the deacon. There's the morning-glory vine, and the petunia, and the trumpet honeysuckle, the many-colored bind-weed and ever so many other trumpet-blowers, all good in their way, and so fresh, winsome, and lovely that they can not be setting a very bad example to human kind, I'm sure, even if they don't care to borrow their trumpets, as good little boys and girls are expected to do.

By the way, if you watch a potato-vine in its first stage of blossoming, you will see that it, too,

blows its own trumpets—pretty, pale, purplish ones, very open at the big end, not at all like the long trumpets that some vines flourish in blossom-time, but still quite trumpet-like.

And this reminds me of a pleasant paper about potatoes, that came to this Pulpit long ago.

You shall hear it now.

HOW THE POTATO WAS INTRODUCED INTO FRANCE.

MY DEAR JACK: Though, in his time, Solomon had ceased to find anything new under the sun, I came across a small anecdote in Eugène Noël's "Life of the Flowers," which may seem new to your little friends.

It relates to the potato—that useful, homely, and estimable every-day necessity of the American table.

Some of your young readers know, of course, how Parmentier, in the year 1779, attempted to introduce it in France among his famine-stricken countrymen. Early in the sixteenth century it had been brought there from Peru, but popular prejudice was set against it; it was accused of bringing leprosy, malarial fevers, and what not. Under Louis XVI. the academics recommended it; discourses were pronounced in its praise, and newspapers spoke heartily of it. Vain efforts! The peasants repulsed the academical plant. The king wore at his button-hole the pretty blossom that resembles the cross of St. Louis, paraded it at public entertainments, had a dish of the precious tubers daily served on his table; and finally presents of them were sent promiscuously to cultivators. The latter invariably gave the potatoes to their pigs, who, to the official recommendations, added small, approving grunts of satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Parmentier despaired of introducing the plant which would save the people from starvation. What he did in this emergency, proved to be a stroke of genius.

By his orders a field of potatoes was planted at Sablon, a sterile plain, near Paris. They were carefully cultivated until they ripened; then, at the four corners of the lot, posters were placed, in which, under heavy penalties, persons were forbidden to touch the crop; guardians were set to watch over it night and day, with orders to pursue all trespassers. Marvelous power of forbidden fruit! At the end of a fortnight, in spite of prohibition and guardians, the whole crop was carried away, eaten by the peasants, and the potato was considered delicious.

From that moment there was no difficulty in causing this vegetable to be cultivated throughout France. Yours truly, M.

BEARS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Feb. 6, 1888.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am ten years old, and have always taken ST. NICHOLAS, and I read over the old bound volumes of the dear magazine, running back to the beginning, and yet they seem as new and fresh as a June morning. May ST. NICHOLAS endure forever!

Is it too late to answer your hartshorn question? It is so named because it was first obtained from the scrapings of the horn of the hart, the male deer, and now it is called usually by the name ammonia, and is made from the bones of all animals, and in many other ways.

I must add a true story Papa tells me. He says that in Cambria Co., Pa., there is a large tree, well known as a landmark and corner-tree of adjacent tracts of land, designated in the deeds as the tree "much-scratched-by-the-bears." In the mountain country of Pennsylvania there are yet many bears, and they play by climbing after one another on the trunks of certain trees, and thus certain trees more easily climbed than others become much-scratched-by-the-bears. I never wrote you before.

I live near Pittsburgh, Pa., which we used to call the "Smoky City," but now it is called the "Natural Gas City." The smoke is gone. DOLLY.

WHAT IS ROSEWOOD?

It has been a great mystery to many young persons why the dark, rich-colored wood so much used for furniture should be called "rosewood." Its deep-tinted, ruddy-streaked surface certainly does not resemble the rose, so we must seek some other reason for the name. Here it is: When the tree is first cut, the fresh wood exhales a very strong, rose-like fragrance, which soon passes away, leaving no trace of the peculiar odor. There are several varieties of rosewood trees; the best, however, are those found in South America and the East Indies, and neighboring islands.

E. M. C. told me these facts in a letter, and I take pleasure, my dears, in repeating them to you.

GRAPES AND ROSES.

PERHAPS my hearers will be interested in a big grape-vine story that my birds have told me. It is about a superb vine that grows in the graperies of Hampton Court Palace, England. It is one hundred and eighteen years old, thirty-eight inches round the stem, and often it bears two thousand clusters a year.

They have told me, too, of a big rose-tree that is growing in Germany, by the Hildesheim Cathedral. It is a foot through the stem. It covers one whole side of the large building. It was protected from the weather by Bishop Hezilo, who lived one

thousand years ago, and so it must be much older than that. Tens of thousands of roses bloom on it every year.

If the rose-bush is twelve inches through, and the grape-vine thirty-eight inches round, which is the larger? Why the vine? Because the diameter of a round section measures always about one-third of its circumference.

THE ARBUTUS AGAIN.

DO YOU wish to hear more about the ways of pronouncing arbutus?

No?

Thank you. That is just what I told the dear Little School-ma'am. So she is going to carry something on the subject to the Letter-box of your illustrious magazine, and all of you who wish to do so can jump over the fence after her and pursue the matter, so to speak.

BLUE ANEMONES.

WELL, well,—very much as the dear little anemones shake out their pretty petals in the spring—dainty little white letters have come fluttering to my pulpit in reply to Fanny—Marion—Diana—and Eleanor's question: "Are there any blue anemones?" Blue anemones!—But there is not time to show them to you now—we must wait for another day.



THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.



SUMMER BOARDERS.

OLD DICK.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

LATE roaming in the park to-day
I met the keeper in my way,
Who in his homely fashion said:
"I s'pose you know Old Dick is dead?"

"Old Dick?"—a moment's vague surprise,
Then quick tears started to my eyes,
While in my heart a sudden shame
Woke at the half-forgotten name.

That name, alas! brought back to me
A lightning-flash of memory.
I saw myself as in a dream
Drift down the swiftly flowing stream;

I felt again the terror wild
That overtakes a drowning child;
And the small thrill of joy once more,
As when he brought me safe to shore.

Poor Dick! He was not, even then,
A match for ordinary men,—
Dwarfed and half-witted; yet they say
He surely saved my life that day.

And I—ah, useless, vain regrets!—
A careless child so soon forgets!
I grew, and thrived, and paid no heed,—
Forgot that Old Dick lived, indeed!

My father's bounty kept him fed,
And found a shelter for his head.
So much I knew; how else he fared,
I never thought, I never cared.

Now he is dead, and the keen dart
Of late remorse is in my heart
For things undone that might have made
The poor soul gladder while he staid.

O children, eager, happy, strong!
Whose days move like a merry song,
Sweet words to sweeter music set,
I pray you shun my vain regret.

Life brings to some but sad estate;
Death comes to all, or soon or late,
And takes the sunshine from the sun
With thoughts of what we *might* have done!

WRAPPING PARCELS WITHOUT STRING.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IT will surprise the reader to learn that tying up parcels is so expensive that the busiest storekeepers are endeavoring to do without it as far as possible. Have you noticed how of late years, in the great shopping stores in New York, parcels are no longer fastened with string, unless they happen to be very large or unhandy? Whatever you purchase now is handed to you securely wrapped up, yet without cord, pins, elastic bands, or apparently anything but paper to hold it. There is a knack about this work of the clerks, which it would profit every young or old person to learn.

One of the members of a firm owning a very large store said, when he was asked about it, that the discovery of this new method of wrapping parcels brought about a saving of hundreds of dollars a year in their store alone. It was not the twine that cost so much, he said, but the time consumed in adjusting it. Whenever it still has to be used,

These six pictures, showing a piece of calico during the process of being wrapped up in a sheet of brown paper, reveal precisely how the swift-fingered girls and boys, and men and women in the stores now dispense with string.

Imagine yourself behind the bundle, making it up. All that is necessary, you see, is to use plenty of wrapping-paper, taking care to have a sheet wide enough to leave a great deal of margin on the left-hand end of the goods you are wrapping up. Having half rolled up the goods the bundle is like Figure 1. Another roll having been taken, the left-hand corner is turned over, as in Figure 2. Another roll, or "twist of the wrist," as you so often hear people say, and then, as in Figure 3, you may fold in the entire spare left-hand end of the wrapping-paper. Immediately, without any more rolling, catch up the spare paper still farther, as in Figure 4. Then roll up the parcel

FIG. 1.

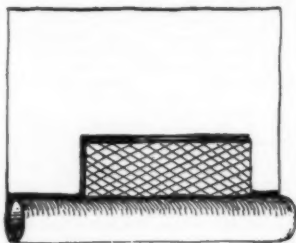


FIG. 2.

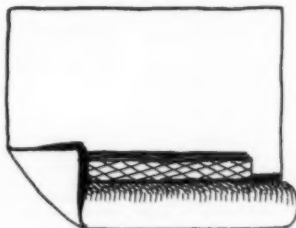


FIG. 3.

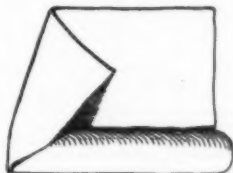


FIG. 4.

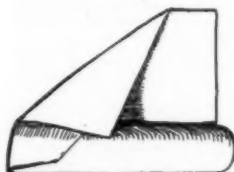
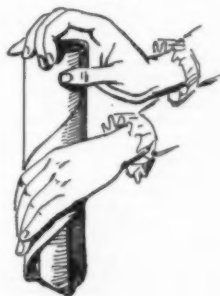


FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.



on a big or an oddly shaped bundle, it takes as long to put string around the package as it did to make up the parcel itself, so that more clerks are needed where twine is used on all parcels than where the new method is followed. This is the reason that twine has come to be regarded as costly.

as much farther than is shown in Figure 5 as will complete the rolling, stand the parcel on end, bend down toward the center and tuck in all around the loose paper at the right-hand end, and the parcel is complete and secure.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE interest shown by our readers, young and old, in the series of "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," just concluded in this magazine, has been very gratifying to us. Our thanks are due to Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, publishers, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and also to other representatives of George Eliot's copyrights in England, by whose kind permission we were enabled to quote from

the great novelist's works the interesting scenes and passages so skillfully selected by Miss Magruder.

WE are indebted to *The Century* for the fanciful pictures of the sea-serpent printed on pages 724, 725, and 727 of this number. They originally appeared in *The Century* for February, 1882.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

THE Little School-ma'am wishes us to give place to the following communication which, she says, presents very cleverly the other side of the *Arbutus-versus-Arbutus* question:

HOW TO PRONOUNCE ARBUTUS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend of the School-ma'am requests in the April number that we put the accent of *arbutus* on the first syllable, "where it belongs," for "*arbutus* is wrong." The assertion seemed hard for our Class to believe, and our inquiry followed the path indicated by the following questions and answers:

Q. If *arbutus* is the right pronunciation, is it not possible for *arbutus* also to be right if used uniformly in a different sense?
Ans. It can be so. *Minute* is right, but so also is *minute* when one means a particle of time.

I. What is the *arbutus* which Cowper and Mrs. Browning name in their poetry? It is the strawberry-tree, a shrub as tall as a man, or taller, that blooms all the season in English gardens, and bears large red berries. It also grows wild in Italy, where the old Romans called it *arbutus*, or *arbutos* as they probably pronounced it.

What makes it right to pronounce the word differently from the old Roman way? The example of the English people who cultivate the tree, and talk and write about it.

II. Do Americans ever speak of the *arbutus*? As it does not grow in America, they have little occasion to do so except in describing foreign countries. In the *New York Evangelist* of May 10th, a missionary writes of seeing scrub-oaks and *arbutus* on the mountains north of Palestine. College students, after translating Horace, sometimes talk of "stretching their limbs under a verdant *arbutus*."

Do not all our poets who sing about the *arbutus* mean a different plant? Certainly; they refer to the sweet, shy, American flower, which our boys and girls search for before the snow is all gone from the woods.

Do not the children and people generally pronounce its name *arbutus*, in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and wherever it grows? Yes: except some persons who lately have begun to change.

III. What advantage is there in calling our American beauty the *arbutus*, when that name belongs to a very different plant across the ocean? None at all; it makes confusion.

Why is the change proposed? It is the fault of the dictionaries. They have been slow to recognize the American flower. Neither Worcester nor Webster refer to it under the title *Arbutus*, though one describes it under "Trailing," and the other under "May-flower." Dr. Murray's great dictionary makes no allusion to it, and his reply to an inquirer indicates that he had never heard of it. He has received some citations now, which will be kept to appear in an appendix.

IV. Ought *arbutus* to be dropped from the dictionaries? By no means; but the new word *arbutus* should be added with the definition: "An early wild flower of America, noted as a harbinger of spring; the *Epigaea repens*; called also the trailing *arbutus* and mayflower."

When was the *arbutus* discovered and named? It is said to have been the first spring flower seen by the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in 1621, after their dreadful winter. A professor of botany says that there is a picture of it in a book of 1697, that it was spoken of as an *arbutus* by a botanist in 1739, and was called trailing-*arbutus* by Shcutt in 1806.

V. How long has its name been pronounced *arbutus*? There is a lack of early authorities. Longfellow used the form *arbutus* in his "Poem to a Child" in 1846, and Worcester gave *arbutus* in 1860. Any person who finds proof of an earlier date would confer a favor by reporting it to

FISK P. BREWER,
Grinnell, Iowa.

SOUTH BAR, SYDNEY, C. B., CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and live away down here at the jumping-off place of America. Do you know this place is six hundred miles nearer Ireland than New York is? But it takes longer to go from here across the Atlantic than it does from New York, because we have no fast ocean steamers such as you have; but perhaps we will have them some day. I am always glad when the ST. NICHOLAS comes. Your stories are always so nice. Roy McTavish's story about the coal mine I liked very much. We have lots of coal mines down here, and four shipping-piers near where we live. As this is my first letter to the "Letter-box," I hope you will find room enough for it if it is worth printing.

Your little friend,
P. S.—But not the lost Charlie Ross.

CHARLIE B. ROSS.

HASTINGS, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not anything special to say but that I like you very much. I think that "Juan and Juanita" and "Sara Crewe" were lovely stories.

This is the second year my kind uncle has sent you to me, and I like you very much better than any other magazine. I have just returned from Philadelphia, where I heard little Josef Hofmann, and enjoyed his entertainment exceedingly. This is the first letter I have ever written to you. But there, I am getting tiresome.

From your fond reader,

MARIE V.—

BELMONT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you how I came to take you. Last summer Papa and I went to the sea-shore, and while going from New York to New Haven the newsboy came through the car with several magazines. I wanted something to read, so I bought a ST. NICHOLAS. I was so pleased with the stories that Papa sent for it for me; but he did not know when the year commenced, and he sent to have it come the first of January. I was very sorry, because there was a continued story in it, and I did not have the December number. I am fifteen years old. I live on a farm about a mile from the village. Papa carries me to school most of the time, but I have walked a few times this spring. We have five horses, but there are only three that I can drive; the others are rather too skittish. My favorite horse to drive died last winter. I felt very bad; she was full of life, but gentle.

I like very much to read the letters, especially those from abroad. I was very much interested in the one from Agnes Dale, about Bass Rock, and wish she would write another, and give a description of other things of interest in Scotland.

I remain your friend and reader,

WINIFRED J.—

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for three years, and like your stories very much. I go to California almost every summer.

I have a bicycle, and I go riding every day. I have a friend across the street from me, and I have a great deal of fun with him. I get a glass of soda-water every day.

My father lives away from here; he lives in California. I must close.

Your loving reader,

LOYD K. C.—, Jr.

DRESDEN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were sitting quietly, as usual, in school, on the 9th of March, when the sound of bells aroused our attention. As we knew the emperor was very ill, we imagined,

what proved to be the truth, that the old Kaiser had passed away. As soon as the day of the funeral was known, we made arrangements to go to Berlin. We left Dresden on the following Wednesday; the day was rather cloudy, but before twelve the sky had cleared, and the sun was shining. After taking our dinner we started out. The aspect of the city was very mournful. The flags were all at half-mast, and the houses draped with black. It seemed very odd that the shops were open, but they were made as dismal as possible; for instance, in a glove-shop, the display of gloves was all black, and so in all the shops. In Dresden, at a confectioner's shop, they showed their grief and loyalty by having nothing but chocolate in the window!

The same afternoon we tried to go into the Dom, but the crowd was much too large, so we waited until the next day. Accordingly, in the morning we started out—only to find all the streets leading to the Dom guarded, and no one, except those provided with permits, allowed to pass. After waiting quite a long time with a crowd on one of these streets, a guard said that we could go through. So we went to the Schloss Platz, where we saw another row of guards, and behind them a large crowd. We waited there three hours; the cold and wind were intense. So we were just going home when we met an officer whom we knew, and he went with us past four lines of guards, and left us at the end of a line of people, going two by two, and in half-an-hour we reached the Dom.

A kind of temporary bridge had been made in the church, over which the people passed to take a last view of the Kaiser, whom but a few months before I had seen standing at the window of his palace, "Unter den Linden."

He was lying in state, surrounded by white flowers, around which burned tall tapers. In front, and behind him, and on both sides officers were standing in most magnificent uniforms. The Kaiser himself had on a very plain uniform, and only a few decorations. The organ was playing very softly, and the whole scene was a very impressive one, and one that I shall never forget.

The next day we saw the funeral procession pass "Unter den Linden"; but I will not describe it, for fear of making this letter too long to be printed.

Your constant reader,

S. C. C.—

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write you a letter and send you some puzzles I have done. This is the first winter I have been in Washington, and I have found it most interesting. I have been to Mount Vernon, which is beautiful. The day I went, it was as warm as summer, and the place looked beautiful, especially the lawn near the house. I have been also to the White House, which is most interesting. I have taken you for seven years, and my father has bought me most of the back volumes. Hoping that my letter is not too long, I remain, your constant and faithful reader,

C. D. L.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1888, I read the story entitled "Ginseng-Hunting," which reminded me of a similar experience of my own.

It happened in this manner. I had been tramping all one afternoon through the woods, on and near the Cattaraugus Indian reservation, which is in the western part of New York State. I had my gun with me, but the game which I had intended to bring home was still alive in the woods. However, notwithstanding this, my poor luck, I had spent a pleasant afternoon, and had a hearty appetite, which is better than all the rabbits, partridges, and squirrels in the woods.

My home was about a quarter of a mile away, and I was passing through a moist piece of woodland, thinking of anything but ginseng, when I happened to cast my gaze on the ground, and there, almost under my feet, was a patch of the root. I knew it the moment I saw it, for familiarity with the woods makes one single out a rare or useful plant from worthless ones as quickly as one would notice a piece of money in a heap of stones.

This patch was about as large as one as I have ever seen, more than I could have carried in my pockets, so I told myself the best thing to do would be to go home, get a basket and a trowel, and return and dig it up.

At home I found supper in preparation, so I decided to return and dig it then. Off I started at a leisurely walk, with my basket on my arm. On the way I stopped to throw sticks at a chipmunk that sat on a log. This sport I continued for several minutes, just missing the little creature at each throw, but not once hitting him. There he sat as still as if he were dead, not seeming in the least to mind the missiles that passed so near him; but when a stick, considerably larger than any of the others, fell in a pile of leaves near him, he seemed very much frightened, and jumping off his perch with a chatter and a whisk of his tail, scampered away.

Having crossed a pasture where our cows were grazing, I came to the woods in which grew the coveted ginseng, which would bring me quite a sum of spending-money at the village store. You may imagine my surprise and disappointment when I tell you that I saw, digging eagerly at the roots, an old Indian woman. She had already

put nearly all of them into a dirty cloth bag at her side. I stopped a little way off to watch her, and in a few moments saw the last piece go into the bag. She then rose to her feet, pinned on the shawl which had fallen back from her head, and started for home. I did the same, thoroughly disgusted with myself for letting a "squeak" get the better of me. I knew she had seen me and guessed my errand, and was, no doubt, at this moment, laughing to herself over what she considered a good joke; though, from her stoical face, no one would have known she was aware of my presence. But after thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that it was better that she should have the root than myself; for I never knew what it was to lack plenty of warm clothes and enough to eat, whereas the Indians become very poor during the winter; and, although they are a shiftless, lazy race, I can not help pitying them.

The Indians are acknowledged to be the best root and herb hunters in this, if not in all countries,—a belief which I have heartily endorsed ever since the experience with my ginseng-patch.

CARLETON H. W.—

GLOUCESTER HOUSE, KEW, SURREY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't think I have ever seen in your magazine a letter from this part of the world, so I hope you will print this, as I have never written before.

I have taken you for about eighteen months, and find you very interesting. I like your stories immensely, especially "Sara Crewe"; and although I did not take you when "Little Lord Fauntleroy" came out, I have read it.

We are just opposite Kew Gardens, and we go for very nice walks in them, although in the winter-time we find them very dreary.

I am at school here with my three sisters, and we are now having holidays; they are passing very pleasantly, but rather too quickly. We were all very much amused at the letter of Angus E. Orr in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," and now I can read it and its answer with the right emphasis.

I will now end, hoping my letter will not be too long to print.

Your devoted reader,

MAY B.—

NICE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nearly eleven years old. I have never seen a letter from Nice in your columns before, so I thought I would write. I take two magazines, but like yours the best, and I wish it came every week instead of every month. I am an American child, staying in Nice for the climate. I was here last year during the earthquake. I am a great reader, and have a great many books. I think Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's stories are perfectly lovely, which I know is very mild praise. I have one little sister, a dear little thing called Louise; but, unhappily, there is a great difference in our ages. We are shortly going to Paris, thence to Geneva, and we intend to spend the summer at Thun. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will say good-bye.

From your loving friend and reader, CAROLINE S. D.—

DAGGER'S W. S. SPRINGS, BOTETOURT COUNTY, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother is a subscriber to your delightful magazine. I am very much interested in "Drill" and "Two Little Confederates." I think ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine that was ever published for young folks. We all read it, from Papa and Mamma to baby George, and send it to lots of cousins, besides. I have a pet cat, and its name is LUX. I think "Sara Crewe" is a splendid story. We live in the mountains of Virginia. It is quite cold here in winter, but delightful in the summer-time.

Your little friend,

ANNA K. B.—

We thank the young friends, whose names here follow, for pleasant letters received from them:

Hortie O'Meara, Grace Henry, Ross Hasbrouck, Margaret A. Brooke, Jack Wilson, Minna Cromwell, Elsie S. Sophie Clark, Florence King B., Alice Comly, Annie Dawson, Jennie Headley, Julius J. Ennemoser, Lyman Hodge, Lottie G. McKinney, Mabel S. Read, Theo. W., Matilda Weber, Alice C., Ida Ellis, Millard Osborn, Wilson Blue, Edith W. G., Eleanor A. Merriam, Mattie Graves, Susie T., Monica D., Amy H. Nye, Will W. Hines, Annie U. and Bessie A., Maud M. Welsh, Mary D. D., Edward A. Burdick, Lena N. Barber, Blanche H., Florence Osborne, Eleanor F. Herbert, Elsa Behr, Lillian Ray, Ethel and Winifred, K. C. K., Beatrice Kendall, David Cardwell, Helen Bruce Story, Edward Blaine, Bessie Tousey and Elsie Woodward, P. K. T., May F. Wolf, Marguerite, Rosie Vesey, Katharine Glass, L. M. Oates, Florence Petrie, Ethel H., Carrie H., Anna Horneck, Ida G. Stewart and Sarah F. Garratt, Willie L., Edna G. Fletcher, Lizzie C., Jennie, Hattie, and Bessie Carter, Laurie Horton, Madge Furman, Grace E. M., Alexander R. Martin, Nina Blanche Moses, Eda H. Lord, Ann Elizabeth Jenkins, and George P. Webster.

REPORT CONCERNING "THE KING'S MOVE PUZZLE."

THE number of answers received to any "King's Move Puzzle" printed in ST. NICHOLAS is always a surprise to the Editor. It must be even more astonishing to the maker of the puzzle. When a similar one was published in ST. NICHOLAS some months ago, the maker thought that but forty-five poets' names were concealed; yet the quick eyes of our puzzlers discovered over two hundred.

In the "King's Move" printed in May, the maker thought that the names of only thirty-seven novelists were to be found, but those names were of very well-known writers, to whom the title of "novelist" might be given "past cavil and past question." They were as follows: Eliot, Ebers, Defoe, Dumas, Dickens, Bulwer, Burney, Bremer, Burnett, Brontë, Austen, Alcott, Hawthorne, Hugo, Harte, Hunt, Sand, Hardy, Scott, Sue, Thackeray, Tolstoi, Roe, Stockton, Stowe, Reade, Lever, Marlitt, Mulock, James, Irving, Verne, Howells, Cable, Ingelow, Black, and Trollope.

Many sending answers counted Nathaniel and Julian Hawthorne as two, and the three Brontë sisters, as three: whereas a name can count as but one, no matter how many writers may bear it.

We reprint a portion of the note which accompanied the longest list received, and think no one will dispute the sender's right to have her name put at the head of the roll.

"I think pseudonyms and initials legitimate, where the author's true name is not used as a signature. Many authors never write under their own names, and are not known by them. . . . I must have looked over some twenty-five thousand names, in English catalogues alone." The names sent included all used by the maker of the puzzle, and very many others, necessarily of lesser note. The list contained the names of three hundred writers, and the initials of thirty-five more.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Maud E. Palmer, 335—Elizabeth Mary Warren-Fay, 207—J. Ross Hardy, 156—Emily Coit, 142—Paul, Alice, and Dick, 127—Jared W. Young, 116—Laurence Arnold Tanner, 110—Grace Gallaher, 109—Bessie B. Rodman, 108—Henrietta Roebbelen, 108—Mrs. H. W. Ruggles, 106—Edith L. Lowe, 106—Grace Kupfer, 102—Agnes Callender, 102—Nellie L. Howes, 100.

ROLL OF HONOR.

FROM 90 TO 100.—A. S. Lovejoy, L. Duriacher, E. Matteson, H. and L. Schoenthal, Anna Paul, "Dentist."
 FROM 80 TO 90.—"Two Little Sisters," F. M. C., G. P. Erwin, A. Fiske and Co., B. A. Auerbach, Nonbe, F. E. L. A. H.
 FROM 70 TO 80.—M. C. Adams, P. Burnham, M. and N. Smyth, B. De F. Brush, J. Phinney, Mrs. R. J. Hastings, We Three,
 M. Reed, W. H. Foster, E. and M. McElroy, J. and D. White, M. Worsfold, C. Toothe.
 FROM 60 TO 70.—L. M. Turk, Miss Flint, H. A. Homer, "The Twins," A. I. O., L. Wilson, L. A. Nicholson, Rosaline, C. G. H. and G. A., E. H. Denby, W. Fenn, A. M. Connell, R. W. Towle, M. H. G., N. Protzman, R. F., A. H. R. and M. G. R., T. P. Woodward, A. S. Read, P. Bradford, G. W. Stoughton and H. I. Whiton, M. A. G., The Cottage, Willoughby, L. F. A. Melliss, K. M. Fry.
 FROM 50 TO 60.—M. E. Thornton and W. Irving, B. H. Mercur, E. T. Lewis, B. F. and B. D., E. H. Magee, R. Hathaway, A. A. Squires, "Mohawk Valley," B. and C. A. Derby, H. F. Shrimpton, Ruth and Rob, H. E. Hoyt, "Flo. Ridians," E. G. Corse, D. L. Crane, Ted, S. B. Otis, "Hypatia," Fred and Blanche, F. Renton, L. I. Adams, P. Reese, Carlotta, H. O. D. L., S. Rhoades, Lottie and Dottie, E. G. Fletcher, B. McClelland, E. R. Penman, L. R. Little, C. C. James, G. C. Robinson, A. C. Hanson, C. W. MacHenry, M. E. Smith, M. E. Ford, E. Phelps, S. Harris, C. H. Stewart, Baby Elephant, F. B. Graves, J. T. Hewes, R. R., Alice B. L., E. Woodward, M. L. Cooper, Bertha, G. E. Follette, B. C. Beck, E. C. Higgins, F. Candee, Mabel C., B. Ramsdell, J. Christian, The Three B's, M. Oliver, F. S. G. and Co., C. and H. Condit, F. A. Cornack, E. E. Beach, W. O. Kimball, Bertha K., M. Burlingham, E. C. Kupp, L. Wainwright, Anglo-Saxon, M. S. Searls, Monogram, Monell, B. Kirkland, G. P. Lowell, "John Bull," A. Owen, Mai Pontes, Audrey Ivens.
 FROM 40 TO 50.—L. S. Patterson, W. M. Vibbert, L. D. Bloodgood, L. M. Simpson, E. Smith, M. A. Walker, H. Spencer, S. F. Mackintosh, S. I. Hayes, M. McKibbin, A. R., S. and B. Rhodes, D. Stevens, E. D. Wright, D. V. Meade, S. C. and C. M., G. O'Brien and G. Johnson, C. E. Trumpler, M. C. Bostwick, H. Bull, G. Olcott, Frances, Mamma and Marion, Latin School Cadet, L. B. R. Pierce, E. M., "Lehte," E. Austin, Mabel and Amy, W. G. Du Bose, A. Z. Reed and Co., E. Watkins, H. Bishop, Ellie and Susie, L. E. Haskell, K. Wolfe, H. St. John, Tom, Harry, and Hattie, M. L. Powell, M. and A. Bartlett, E. A. Hobbs, G. C. F., V. M. Holden, L. Cunningham, L. Allan, M. J. S., H. T. Bowers, H. C. McCleary, Delores, B. Smith, and M. Stearns, B. Van Doren, M. and E. King, B. Graham and M. Bush, L. Bolton, L. C. Byrd, R. Webster, H. S. Paine, E. and C. Delafield, M. G. Howard, E. A. Whiston, A. Crosby, E. A. Arner, H. T. Guild, H. Outhaus, The Lam, E. Williams, E. Ryerson, B. Frohman, Anna N., Lynne, L. R. W., Four Beans, L. D. Cree, J. E. Holmes, Mac, Flora and Daisy, G. M. Church, L. F. W. R. Kelly, "Imp."
 FROM 30 TO 40.—M. Emright, J. Haries, S. B. and Co., W. Bush, Jr., F. N. Kollock, Jr., E. S. Young, B. Shattuck, R. O. Brown, C. U. Wardell, M. Sloan, Mittie and Katum, B. B. Metheany, H. M. S., F. Blaine, Nellie and Reggie, M. Watt, A. M. C., May and 79, K. and C. Stebbins, V. R. Clements, O. B. Engelmann, H. H. Hadsall, M. F. Greenman, J. S. Royer, A. Burr, F. B. P., M. and B. Newkirk, "Three K's," E. Looz, J. C. Cole, Jr., M. Corbett, M. W. Holt, K. Lewis, J. C. Sea, Ethel H. W., E. A. Blount, "Infantry," M. L. and A. M. B., C. S. Barkeley, A. M. Dake, V. Smith, A. Maclean, Lida W., H. M. Fitch, L. Jessup, E. Goodnough, W. R. Blake, Min and Est, A. W. Hallock, G. A. R., H. R. Cook, A. Parker, L. E. Horton, M. E. and N. L. Jones, Garden Cat, E. L. Brown, J. H. Sayres, A. H. Ford, N. Austin, L. G. Bass, C. C. Lovery, L. J. and A. D., F. Newman, P. S. Hall, J. A. Lacy, M. Holden, Pop and Ted, W. A. Russell, Jr., M. McA., Yankee Girl, F. L. Smith, M. Bond, M. Moulton, W. B. Whittemore, H. S. Hadden, K. Moore, B. Dorris, G. V. Russell, W. A. Greene, B. Casey, M. Burdick, E. M. Hazelton, J. P. Bartlett, M. M. Barstow, E. H. James, C. O. Lippert, G. D. Leach, Mary, Essie, May and Bessie, H. B. Owen, M. G. B. Palmer, M. Eilers, M. M. Bain, F. T. Walker, Beth, Amo, J. Kershaw.
 LESS THAN 30.—A. Calender, G. J. and S. H., "A Riponite," Bessie M. L., A. M. Tuttle, S. I. Myers, B. Wood, Lola and Lora, H. H. Miller, F. H. Knauff, H. Haring, M. T. Jones, R. B. Richardson, A. C. Bowles, Anna, M. L. Douglass, Lill, S. M. Moore, A. O. Wright, Jr., Estelle, E. R. and M. W. R., C. Campman, Jo and Mim, D. M. V. A., J. H. Davis, E. M. Tyler, Lizzie C., E. Pardee, W. M. Wackwitz, F. C. Hoyt, N. E. Griswold, Ethel E., C. G. Dickson, Essie L., Willie and Marian, C. Walz, E. H. Bamber, L. D. Drisler, K. Parker, F. Merritt, Blanche E., M. Blair, J. Browne, J. W. Mead, Angie, G. L. Farley, C. V. B. Woodward, H. and E. Westwood, W. Waughop, May and Lucy, L. M. Albertson, Emma P., G. S. Strong, R. M. Heames, S. E. Flechtner, R. J. Austin, M. L. Morris, K. Slonou, J. B. Morris, C. D. W. Halsey, G. F. Gilmore, W. Keith, K. R. Howard, A. Harlich and E. Richmond, R. Neely, F. Besley, I. M. Howse, Francis W. Islip.

WHO WILL WIN IT?

ST. NICHOLAS will pay ten dollars for the best King's Move Puzzle, received before September 1st. As the magazine has already printed puzzles of this kind based on the names of poets and novelists, these two classes are, of course, excluded. But the names of artists, musicians, generals, battles, cities or rivers may be used,—almost any set of names, in fact. And to the maker of the set contained in not more than one hundred squares, and proving, in view of the names contained, to be best adapted for use in ST. NICHOLAS, will be sent ten dollars. Who will win it, when all are at liberty to compete?

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

EASY ZIGZAG. Battle of Bull Run. Cross-words: 1. Bar. 2. fAn. 3. beT. 4. aTe. 5. Lag. 6. dEn. 7. leO. 8. oFt. 9. Beg. 10. pUt. 11. eLL. 12. eLk. 13. Rug. 14. hUm. 15. fN.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." From Lee's Eulogy on Washington.

CHARADE. Masquerader.

PI.

First, April, she with mellow showers,
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

DEFECTIVE PROVERB. That load becomes light that is cheerfully borne.

DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, United; from 3 to 4, States. Cross-words: 1. UlsterS. 2. iNsIsTs. 3. grImAce. 4. monTana. 5. reIEct. 6. iSLanDs.

To our PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Paul Reese—Louise Ingham Adams—A. H. and R.—K. G. S.—Nellie and Reggie—Nellie L. Howes—Ruth and Rob—Grace Olcott—Latin School Cadet—Willoughby—Lehte—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from "Marguerite," 2—M. H. Junmoe, 1—W. A. J., 1—H. C. Cushing, 1—W. L. Diller, 1—Mount V. S., 1—C. D. Lodge, 1—Helen F., 1—E. M. Benedict, 1—L. D. Bloodgood, 2—Jockey, 1—G. Burnett, 1—Nellie C. S., 1—G. J. and S. H., 2—No name, 2—Mary B., 1—E. A. Bessey, 1—C. Goodman, 2—P. J. C., 1—G. R. Allen, 1—H. I., 6—L. H. Barber, 1—Alice H. A., 1—E. Smith, 2—"Father G. and Mother G.," 5—Bessie M. L., 5—F. S. Moorhouse, 1—A. F. Shepherd, 2—Lola and Lora, 2—H. and E. Westwood, 1—T. N. Kollock, Jr., 2—M. V. Spencer, 1—H. H. Miller, 2—F. H. Knauft, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 7—B. F. and B. D., 1—Little Sisters, 2—S. I. Hayes, 1—"The Louises," 2—"Patty Pan," 4—Midget, 1—S. M. H., 1—H. O'Meara, 1—Pete and Janny, 4—E. H. Mage, 2—C. Beardman, 1—"Mitsie and Katum," 2—S. and B. Rhodes, 3—A. C. Bowles, 2—Nell O., 1—E. M. Ferguson, 1—A. A. Squires, 6—Lill, 3—A. M. C., 4—"May and 79," 9—A. S. Mulligan, 2—Clarkson and Kelly, 4—"Sally Lunn," 5—Lillian A. Thorpe, 9—Alice E. S., 1—M. F. Greenman, 4—Edna Tryon, 7—C. D. C., 1—A. Burr, 2—B. Larkin, 2—F. B. P., 2—"Flo. Radians," 6—Estelle, 3—"Three K's," 2—E. Lootz, 4—E. R. and M. W. R., 1—Katie and Harry, 1—Florence, 2—M. Corbett, 4—Mamma and Marion, 6—Jo and Mim, 2—"Mistletoe," 2—Sebah, 3—E. Woodward, 2—"Pussy Willow and D. D.," 8—D. M. V. A., 5—J. H. Davis, 2—L. B. Pierce, 1—H. R. G., 1—L. C. Burpee, 1—"Miss Flint," 7—Carlotia, 3—"Alpha Zate," 6—L. B. H. Crawford, 1—Pop and I, 4—"Infantry," 7—"Mother Goose and S. S.," 3—M. L. and A. M. B., 2—Coralie and Florence, 1—Donna D., 3—A. C. Hartich, 1—Est and Min, 1—Tom, Harry and Hattie, 2—L. Durlacher, 2—C. G. H. and G. A., 3—E. Coit, 3—L. G. Bass, 1—C. V. B. Woodward, 2—L. Jackson, 1—H. and L. Schoenthal, 1—E. D. and M. B. W., 3—"The Cottage," 2—E. C. Kupp, 1—W. Keith, 1—M. Eilers, 2.

EASY TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose consumes, and make a chair. 2. Transpose parts of the hand, and make an air-breathing mollusk. 3. Transpose kitchen utensils, and make a blot. 4. Transpose methods, and make to rule. 5. Transpose an article of furniture, and make the cry of an animal. 6. Transpose an animal, and make a biped. 7. Transpose a fruit, and make to gather. 8. Transpose a flower, and make painful. 9. Transpose crippled, and make a repeat. 10. Transpose existence, and make a row. 11. Transpose to inhumane, and make a precious stone. 12. Transpose to crush, and make a counterfeit.

AMY S. AND M. N., JR.

PI.

CIERJOR! ey slidef jirecoe! dna vewa hwit glod
Hewn Agustu droun reh spicerous stfig si glingfin;
OI! eth shudcre wina si lyswol rodhamew doller:
Eth snubturn serapre cujdun slay rea ginsgin.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTICS.

I. The two central rows of letters, reading downward, spell the names of two famous men; one an American admiral who died on August 14th, and the other a Swedish author who died on August 4th.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. The writer of a preface. 2. Retracted. 3. Protecting. 4. Religiously. 5. Rendered harmless. 6. A vocalist. 7. An insinuation. 8. Associates.

II. The two central rows of letters, reading downward, spell the names of two famous men; one an astronomer who died on August 25th, and the other a general who was born on August 14th.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. Temerity. 2. Disclosed to view. 3. Swindlers. 4. To disorganize. 5. To announce. 6. Garnered. 7. Halos of light. 8. Vileness.

F. S. F.

FOURTH OF JULY PUZZLE. "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal."

OCTAGON. 1. Old. 2. Spars. 3. Operate. 4. Larmier. 5. Drainer. 6. Steed. 7. Err.

CROWN PUZZLE. 1. Ah. 2. Dialogue. 3. Grated window. 4. Congregate. 5. Senility. 6. Cycles. 7. (1) toothsome. Centrals. Aldrich and Howells.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Carlo Dolce. Cross-words: 1. laCks. 2. trAck. 3. maRry. 4. jolly. 5. brOwn. 6. ArDen. 7. crOss. 8. RaLph. 9. moCks. 10. fEet.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. B. 2. Arc. 3. Brand. 4. End. 5. D. II. 1. D. 2. Pod. 3. Dover. 4. Den. 5. R. III. 1. D. 2. Did. 3. Diver. 4. Den. 5. R. IV. 1. D. 2. Red. 3. Debar. 4. Dab. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Now. 3. Rowed. 4. Wed. 5. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, John Hancock; finals, Samuel Adams. Cross-words: 1. JameS. 2. OcanA. 3. HaarleM. 4. NasaaU. 5. HowE. 6. Admiral. 7. North CarolinaA. 8. CumberlandD. 9. Osceola. 10. ChathaM. 11. KansaS.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzags (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell the name of the author (born on August 7th, 1795) of the following lines. Who is the author, and from what poem are the lines taken?

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night—
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To crowd. 2. A dandy. 3. An affirmation. 4. To ask. 5. A foot. 6. An exclamation. 7. Peltry. 8. A stout horse. 9. Uproar. 10. A little demon. 11. A spring of mineral water. 12. Purpose in view. 13. A bird. 14. A boy's name. 15. Date. 16. To enlarge. 17. A very large bird.

C. B.

A UNION JACK.

1	.	2	.	3
.
.
4	.	5	.	6
.
.
7	.	8	.	9

FROM 1 to 3, to recede; from 4 to 6, to strike dumb with amazement; from 7 to 9, severs; from 1 to 7, recites; from 2 to 8, remote; from 3 to 9, offers; from 1 to 9, repeats; from 3 to 7, royal seats.

F. S. F.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Ingenuous. 2. To long for. 3. A large ship, either for merchandise or war. 4. A feminine name. 5. Any orchidaceous plant. 6. Water nymphs. The first row of letters reading downward, will spell the ferryman of the Styx; the second row, the goddess of the morning; and the last row, nymphs who preside over woods.

FRANK SNELLING.

CUBE.

1	2
.
.
5	6
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
7	8

FROM 1 to 2, a fish celebrated for its surprising changes of color when dying; from 2 to 4, the goddess of vengeance; from 1 to 3, anger; from 3 to 4, to puzzle; from 5 to 6, elevated positions; from 6 to 8, excess beyond what is wanted; from 5 to 7, a kind of linen, named after the country in which it was first manufactured; from 7 to 8, unsettled; from 5 to 1, solid; from 6 to 2, nine inches; from 8 to 4, utters; from 7 to 3, an ecclesiastical dignitary.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A small nail. 2. Any plain surface. 3. One of an ancient race of people. 4. A girl's name. II. 1. A preparation of barley. 2. The agave. 3. Solitary. 4. To be stocked to overflowing. III. 1. A curtain. 2. Comfort. 3. An island. 4. A vegetable.

T. J. BAYNES.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

(FIVE LETTERS.)

- I'm often on your house-top;
And often in your hand;
Sometimes I'm finished roughly quite,
Sometimes I wear a band.
- I must be very little,—
You can't be less, you see.
My size is by comparison;
There's no fixed rule for me.
- Look in your books of stories,
And surely *see* you'll find:
I'm short and long, and grave and gay,
Of every varied kind.
- Against all fresh or novel things
I flatly set my face;
It's just as well, for ne'er can I,
At my age, take their place.
- I hope you'll never do me;
But I have not much fear.
I'm sure you all dislike my name,
So I will disappear.

FRANCES I. M.

INSERTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Insert a letter in small rodents, and make to chop fine. Answer, Mi-*ce*, mice.

I. 1. Insert a letter in repented, and make governed. 2. Insert a letter in commotion, and make a step. 3. Insert a letter in falsehoods, and make certain fruits. 4. Insert a letter in fastenings, and make the name of a famous London paper. 5. Insert a letter in revolve, and make a country in Europe. 6. Insert a letter in attitude, and make an armed power. 7. Insert a letter in a repast, and make a reward of merit. 8. Insert a letter in a grimace, and make a minute particle. 9. Insert a letter in an opening, and make an English writer on games.

The inserted letters spell a name given to the first of August.

II. 1. Insert a letter in a dissipated person, and make a knave. 2. Insert a letter in a pool, and make an inclosure for cattle. 3. Insert a letter in a name by which a certain animal is called by negroes of the South, and make a punctuation point. 4. Insert a letter in light conversation, and make to defraud. 5. Insert a letter in to tarry, and make to lean. 6. Insert a letter in certain small

animals, and make floats. 7. Insert a letter in a rabble, and make heeded. 8. Insert a letter in a flower, and make to awaken. 9. Insert a letter in a small Spanish coin, and make royal. 10. Insert a letter in an insect, and make part of a river. 11. Insert a letter in a measure of distance, and make a fine rain. 12. Insert a letter in chief, and make relating to the morning.

The inserted letters spell another name for the first of August.

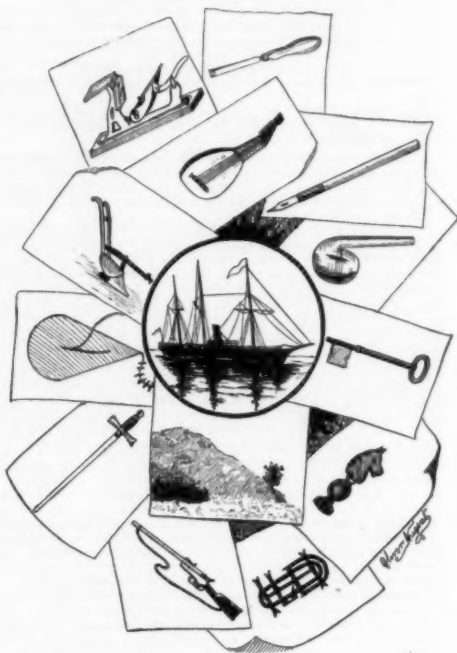
CYRIL DEANE.

THREE DIAMONDS.

- I. 1. In midland. 2. A measure of liquids among the Dutch. 3. Defensive arms for the body. 4. Satire. 5. The largest deer of America. 6. A deer. 7. In midland.
II. 1. In midland. 2. To unfold. 3. Boundary. 4. A part of a lathe. 5. A Latin phrase meaning "by itself considered." 6. To descry. 7. In midland.
III. 1. In midland. 2. An insect. 3. The order of birds to which the duck belongs. 4. In the place of. 5. Very small. 6. A beam. 7. In midland.

C. B. D.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



EVERY word that is represented by figures is a noun, and all are pictured in the accompanying illustration.

Though your ambition soar like a 31-6-1-40, unless you climb the 50-23-34-5, or take the 39-29-5-44, or man the 20-17-36-24-42-34, or wield the 16-47-30-13-41, or seize the 11-3-33, or guide the 14-34-25-12-45-8, or work the 14-27-19-37-24, or handle the 22-51-4-5-21, or try the 27-35-9-15-13-49, or string the 34-32-52-43, or strike the 31-26-10, or ply the 28-46-15-5, or win the honor of a 31-18-48-7-2-38, you will prove the truth of the whole quotation, which is from Shakespeare.

J. F. D.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to switch off, and leave to follow. 2. Behead to hurt, and leave an inlet of water from the sea. 3. Behead to expunge, and leave to demolish. 4. Behead a roof-timber, and leave subsequent. 5. Behead a parent, and leave opposite. 6. Behead to be in great plenty, and leave to limit. 7. Behead very limited, and leave an old-fashioned weapon.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a famous American general who was born in Ohio.

E. H. F.



"IF A BODY MEET A BODY?"